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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

M. MOLOTOFF'S anxiously awaited speech has changed nothing in the European situation. Russia's policy is still one of benevolent neutrality towards Germany, and for a long time, if not finally, we may dismiss all the rumours that pointed to active participation by the Red Army in this war. M. Molotoff's efforts to explain Russia's change of front were not impressive. It is hard to believe that she had always, as he said, desired a strong Germany as an indispensable condition for European peace. This leading principle of Soviet policy had escaped our notice, particularly during the Spanish war. But "formulas" he reminded us, may grow obsolete, and terms such as "aggression" change their meaning. Was it a mere formula that twice led the Soviet Union to propose Conferences of the Peace-Loving Powers to cope with Nazi aggression? But M. Molotoff has persuaded himself that Britain and France are now the "aggressors." Their motive, he is convinced, is not any ideological concern for democracy, but anxiety for their Colonial possessions. This charge of imperialism comes strangely from a Power that has just acquired by armed pressure several Maltas and Gibraltars in the Baltic, quartered 70,000 troops as a permanent garrison in the Baltic States, and imposed on them an "alliance" that is in fact a protectorate. M. Molotoff admitted his failure with the Turks frankly enough, dwelt with a good deal of satisfaction on the truce and détente with Japan, and rebuked Mr. Roosevelt for his solicitude over Finland.

Finland's Danger

To the surprise of the Finns, M. Molotoff broke his understanding with them by disclosing Russia's terms. It will now be rather harder for Moscow to withdraw without loss of prestige. It appears that Russia is seeking to impose a treaty of alliance on Finland on the model of that which she dictated to the Baltic States. This the Finns are determined to refuse. On the other hand, she does not demand any of the Aaland Isles and will even allow the Finns to fortify them, if no third Power participates. Her main case is that the Finnish frontier is only twenty miles from Leningrad—the range of a modern big gun. That is her justification for the demands for pushing back the frontier and for the acquisition of several little islands near Kronstadt. In return, she offers some Karelian territory. It is not easy, however, to account on these grounds for the claim for a naval port on the Finnish Coast. The Finns object that these frontier changes would involve the loss of their Maginot line, and that the treaty of alliance would mean the

subjection of their foreign policy to that of the Kremlin. The outlook, while the Finns prepare as best they may for armed resistance, is ugly. But, though M. Molotoff used some threatening language, we believe that even in the jungle-world of to-day public opinion is still strong enough to protect from invasion a State as innocent and highly-respected as Finland.

Italy's Neutrality

It is the Duce's practice every few years to make sweeping changes in the personnel of his ministers and leading officials. In the general post that took place this week two of the more conspicuous partisans of Germany were shunted to less influential posts. Signor Starace ceases to be Secretary of the Fascist Party, and General Pariani, the Chief of the General Staff, who conducted all the military conversations with the Germans, is removed from his offices. Several junior ministers who were thought to be "pro-British" have also been moved downwards, but on the whole the balance of these changes seems to mean that the pro-Germans have lost ground. Marshal Graziani is the new Chief of Staff. The Duce's main concern, while preserving his neutrality for the time being, seems now to be to strengthen Italy's influence in the Balkans. Approaches are being made to Hungary and Roumania, but the most significant step is a *rapprochement* with Greece, who had reason to feel that Italy's conquest of Albania threatened her safety. The guiding idea of Italian policy would seem to be to form a Balkan *bloc*, that may be able to make some stand not only against German pressure but still more against the new factor of Russia's forward policy. The pattern of Balkan politics is once again what it used to be, a balancing game between two overwhelming Great Powers, one German and the other Slav. It seems unlikely that Italy can decisively modify the balance of military and economic power.

India's Protest

India has made its first gesture of protest against the negative attitude of the British Government: six of the eight Congress ministries have resigned and the other two will do so shortly. The votes in the provincial legislatures that preceded these resignations must have shaken the complacency of those who supposed that Congress stands alone in its bitter dissatisfaction. Many members of other parties, including Muslims, voted with the Congress majority in Madras, while in the legislature of the United Provinces there were only two dissentient votes. It would be a mistake to underrate the power of Mr. Jinnah's ultra-conservative Muslim League, but clearly it is very far from speaking for Muslims as a whole. In Madras no other party would consent to form a ministry, with the result that the constitution has been suspended, so that a ministry of English civil servants can carry on. The same thing is likely to happen in most of the other provinces. The one satisfactory feature of the situation is that Congress is in no hurry to resort to any form of mass-action, whatever its tactics may ultimately be, and it has used no threats. Sir Samuel Hoare, to our thinking, made a grave mistake in threatening repression in his Commons speech. Negotiations have been resumed by the Viceroy with the Congress leaders and Mr. Jinnah. The Government is apparently considering the appointment of some Indian leaders to the Viceroy's Council. But will they sit there merely as distinguished individuals, or as responsible Ministers with their parties behind them? That depends on whether they and their parties are satisfied with the Government's pledge for the realisation of Dominion Status after the war. Agreement on that is still a long way off.

A Week's Warfare

Save at sea this war is still little more than the posting of sentries who mount guard along fortified frontiers. Some call it defensive warfare, others armed neutrality. Snow, rain and mud can be invoked to explain the inactivity of both sides on the Western Front, but it may be doubted whether even brilliant weather will see any considerable offensive. Nothing has happened to justify the predictions that Germany proposed to march through Holland, or Belgium or Switzerland and even through all three at once. The Swiss are calm, the Dutch anxious, while the King of the Belgians has warned Hitler that his army is ten times stronger than in 1914. Rumour talks of a tussle at German headquarters between Hitler, who is said to demand an offensive, and the generals who favour a relatively passive strategy. At sea, on the other hand the Germans are active and enterprising. Two pocket battleships are still at large in the Atlantic, but they have effected far less than the little Emden did in the last war. Chiefly in the Atlantic, the U-boats continue to score rather too many successes. But the total tonnage they have managed to sink since the war opened is still only a little more than 200,000 tons. That may seem a large figure, but it means that only one per cent. of our tonnage fails to reach port safely. The raiding by reconnaissance planes on the East Coast has been harmless, but a German plane was brought down on a Scottish hillside.

Local Government in Wartime

The powers given to local Councils to transfer powers and duties to wartime Emergency Committees were originally given to them in connection with home defence services, especially A.R.P., and on the assumption that mass air raids might make impracticable the normal working of local government machinery. Many Councils, however, soon proceeded to give to the emergency provisions a much wider interpretation than they were ever meant to have, and handed over to the local "dictators"—usually only three or so in number—practically the whole of their normal authority both to take decisions and to supervise the working of local services. These proceedings threatened to convert local government overnight from a democratic instrument into a purely bureaucratic affair; and protests soon began to accumulate both from councillors who found themselves superseded and from members of the general public, who could not get their grievances attended to. It has now been officially pointed out that Councils are not intended or authorised simply to hand over their powers to the Emergency Committees, and then go out of business "for the duration," apart from an occasional formal meeting. We are glad to note that in a number of areas the regular committees, as well as the Councils themselves, are now resuming their activities, largely under pressure from the local Labour Parties, which find that in wartime there is not less but more that needs doing on their constituents' behalf.

The Problem of the Rates

The local authorities are already facing very big financial difficulties. All of them have been put to heavy expense in connection with A.R.P. and other emergency services, and there are a great many difficulties still unsettled about the finance of evacuation for both the "evacuation" and the "reception" areas. In facing these additional burdens, the local authorities in many places are faced with the prospect of a serious shrinkage of their ordinary revenues. A large number of big houses in London and other large cities have been left empty. Where these houses remain furnished and ready for re-occupation there is no doubt about the householders' liability to pay the rates. But the knowledge of this fact has led a certain number of persons to evacuate their furniture as well as themselves; and the question now arises whether rates can be charged for a house which is both untenanted and empty of furniture. It is being proposed in some areas that rates should be charged unless the tenants can prove that they have left their houses not merely temporarily, but for good and all. This, however, clearly raises very difficult questions; and it does not, of course, solve the problem of the houses which have been definitely left empty. It will not be easy in any case to make people who have rented houses in the country in connection with their work or for any other reason pay two sets of rates. Indeed, the whole problem of the finance of local government will have to be tackled on a national scale, or local services in some parts of the country will soon be in danger of collapse through the sheer inability of the local Councils to go on paying for them.

Should We Stabilise Prices?

Further wage advances have been announced this week—for dock workers on a national scale, for certain classes of warehouse workers in London, and so on. These follow upon the acceptance last week by the miners and by all the railway Unions of the advances offered to them. This round of wage-claims was of course the inevitable answer to the sharp rise in prices during the first weeks of war. But it now seems clear that a further stage of price-increases is being reached. Paper, iron and steel, and various other controlled commodities have been advanced sharply; and the Ministries of Food and Agriculture have made it plain that we are to expect considerable rises in the cost of primary foodstuffs, both imported and home-produced. Those who have made the recent advances—private firms and Government controllers alike—justify them on the ground of rising costs, including the higher cost of imported supplies owing to war risks and the depreciation of sterling; and the general plea has of course to be accepted, even if some of the rises are excessive in amount. If we are content to go on as we are going at present, nothing can prevent the "vicious spiral" from coming into being. On the other hand, there is no way of stabilising prices that does not involve, in certain cases, the payment of subsidies out of public funds. It might be well worth while to do this, as part of a considered plan; but so far we can see no sign that the Government has any plan in its mind, or is doing more than live from hand to mouth, yielding to each individual pressure as it is applied. Meanwhile Mr. Morrison has announced that the rationing of butter and bacon at the rate in each case of 4 oz. for each person will begin about the middle of December. His statement that these foods cannot be stored is puzzling. Years ago the case for a national system of cold storage was put up in vain to this government and was fully worked out in our columns. Mr. Alexander's comments for Labour were suitably contemptuous. Behind this shortage one senses merely muddle and lack of foresight.

The Transport Confusion

The Government has so far persisted with its determination to ration coal, despite the endeavours of those M.P.s who have repeatedly drawn its attention to the many thousands of miners who are still out of work. The official attitude is that the coal must be saved, not so much because more cannot be got out of the ground, but because of the deficiencies of transport. It is, of course, vitally important that this country shall export as much coal as possible, in order to secure foreign exchange; and if the abandonment of rationing would really be at the expense of export trade, the home consumer would have to be prepared to put up with it. But if, as it appears, there is no real difficulty in mining enough coal for both, and the problem is simply one of transport, the matter bears rather a different aspect, and one is inclined to suggest that Lord Stamp might be doing better work organising the railways than hovering uneasily between Euston, Whitehall and the Bank of England. From every quarter come complaints about the extraordinary disorganisation of the railway services, not only for passengers, but at least as much for the transport of essential foods and materials. Doubtless, the railways have quite a lot of emergency carrying to do for the War Office; but it is difficult to believe that, with the first rush over, this can account for all the delays that are being experienced. Internal transport appears to be one of the weakest links in the chain; but it is a link of vital importance.

The Educational Tangle

Gradually, some attempt is being made to resume educational activities in the evacuated areas. This applies particularly to higher education; and we are glad to see that in London the County Council has now decided to reopen a number of its Technical and other Evening Institutes. The London School of Economics is also restarting its evening courses in a small way in its hostel in Cartwright Gardens; and, as we noted previously, Birkbeck College is running day courses of University standard. The reopening of some elementary schools in evacuation areas is to be welcomed; but evacuated secondary schools find the greatest difficulty in discovering any place where they can carry on their work with tolerable efficiency—above all for science students, who are in many cases without any apparatus at all. In the case of University students a further problem has emerged in the high cost of education in the "reception" centres. Many of these students previously lived at home, and many others supported themselves partly by part-time work, which cannot be secured in the centres to which they have been transferred.

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LIBERTY AND DEFENCE

LAST Tuesday's Debate on the Defence Regulations was an extraordinary occasion. It demonstrated to everyone the confusion in which the present Government continually works. Liberal, Labour and back-bench Conservatives combined in a united onslaught on the Regulations. Fired at from all sides, Sir John Anderson was quite unable to put up any effective defence. Finally, Sir Samuel Hoare had to intervene with a promise to substitute a new set of Regulations to be drafted, if possible, with the agreement of all political parties. Parliament has seldom asserted itself to better effect. The victory for democracy is substantial and, since the Regulations were indefensible, it is a victory of substance as well as of form. But the need for winning such a victory ought never to have arisen, nor, we believe, would it ever have arisen if the Government had had any coherent policy or had ever thought out in advance how the British public was likely to react to a proposal that it should fight Hitlerism with the entire armoury of the Hitlerite Government at the disposal of the British military and administrative machine. This phrase sounds like an exaggeration. But the powers that the Government demands over the individual were so comprehensive and the legal safeguards so ruthlessly swept away that a Fascist Government could scarcely ask for more. Everyone readily agrees that in time of war the Government must possess special powers, but Sir John Anderson's defence of the Regulations amounted to no more than an admission that the authorities had told someone to draft a series of rules, including all the powers that any Government authority could possibly wish for in any circumstance, and had then issued the result without the smallest consideration for their probable reception by Parliament and public opinion.

As the Regulations are to be redrafted, and there will be opportunities for discussing the revised version, we need not examine the discarded proposals in detail. The debate began with a careful and comprehensive indictment by Mr. Dingle Foot, who pointed out that the Regulations in some respects went further than any that had been passed during the last war; that these had always been regarded as excessive, and had indeed proved in many respects quite unnecessarily stringent. He asked, reasonably enough, what was meant when the Secretary of State claimed absolute powers to prevent any particular person possessing or using "any specified article." What was meant when such a suspect could be deprived of "association or communication with other persons." Are some people to go about labelled: "Sent to Coventry for the duration"? Mr. Foot, Mr. Kingsley Griffith and others pointed out that the new Regulations abolished *habeas corpus* and enabled individuals to be put away without any proper substitute for trial in a court of law and without any opportunity for the accused to cross-examine witnesses. He would not even know under these Regulations the offence with which he was charged. "I suppose," said Mr. Foot, "that that is what is meant by the posters which tell us so frequently that our freedom is imperilled." "Disaffection," it appeared in the debate, might mean anything; you might create it by suggesting to a soldier that the allowance to his wife was insufficient. The curfew regulations were never explained. Were they intended to prevent meetings of Trade Unionists? The distinction between disloyalty to the State and criticism of governmental or departmental inefficiency is totally blurred under these regulations.

These and innumerable other points were made by one Member after another from all sides of the House. Everyone agreed, with memories of the not so long distant past in our minds, that no attention could be paid to the plea that the Home Secretary, who put forward regulations, had no intention of using them in any arbitrary way. It is the powers that are important, not the intentions of a particular Minister, who may not always hold his office.

In dealing with particular groups whose propaganda may be thought prejudicial to the conduct of the war, Mr. Herbert Morrison made an important distinction between genuine Pacifists—a minority who had been overwhelmingly defeated in a recent by-election in Scotland—and groups which may deliberately stimulate racial hatred and act in effect as propaganda organisations for Hitler. Obviously the attitude of the authorities to groups with such different motives and methods should be completely different. The distinction brings out the moral of the whole story. A Government in war needs special powers to deal with spies and with those who act as enemies within our society. Its strength, however, will never lie in any powers of suppression; it must lie in its capacity to obtain the confidence of common people of all classes throughout the country.

The debate illustrates two things—the imperative need of a War Cabinet free from departmental details and not primarily representing the standpoint of Service departments, and the great importance of Parliament during the war. Parliament should continue to meet often and insist on full rights of public debate. When necessary it should demand private sessions. Its work since the beginning of the war has been admirable. It has succeeded in one point after another in correcting the Government's mistakes; it has exposed the muddles and inefficiency of various departments which have been badly organised or completely unable to meet the needs of the time; it must remain on the watch to prevent departmental bureaucrats from causing unnecessary dislocation by arrogating to themselves powers which the public ought not to be asked to put up with. We all know that we must impose on ourselves, in time of war, restrictions which would be intolerable in time of peace; we know there must be special regulations; we are willing to put up with inconveniences and encroachments on our civil rights, but we cherish vivid memories of the battles which had to be fought in the last war against people who regarded the necessity of the times as an opportunity for moving towards that very totalitarian doctrine which we are pledged to resist—the doctrine that the individual is nothing and the State is everything. If our democratic cause has meaning, we stand for the opposite thesis—that the State is the servant of the public will, and that in criticising its purposes and its efficiency we are not only within our rights, but performing one of our most important and useful functions. Let us say that it is not true, as many people have said, that "Britain must go Fascist in order to fight the war"; let us rather remember that it was the countries that maintained the substance of their freedom even in time of war that were victorious in 1918.

THOUGHTS ON BLOCKADE

THIS question of blockade raises very difficult issues. It is in practice impossible to draw a clear distinction between foodstuffs and munitions of war. This is not merely because, in the familiar phrase, an army marches upon its belly, and a plentiful supply of food for the fighting forces is as essential to victory as a plentiful supply of shells, guns, tanks, aeroplanes and other instruments of warfare. It is not only because civilian morale is also an indispensable adjunct of military success, and an army cannot fight efficiently with a starving population at its rear. Both these things are true; but we must add to them the fact that many foodstuffs are directly convertible into actual munitions. Fats are as indispensable for making projectiles as for the nourishment of the human body; and, as Sir William Beveridge recently pointed out in the *Times*, " guns *versus* butter " is a literal and not merely a metaphorical contrast. Grains and sugar can be used to make motor spirit and explosives as well as for human food. Indeed, most of the foodstuffs which Germany most desires to import can have a direct as well as an indirect military use.

The British blockade, therefore, rests not only on the assertion that, according to the laws of war, an army has every right to do all it can to starve its enemy into surrender, but also on the narrower ground that it is not possible to prevent Germany from importing munitions without preventing the import of foods which are capable of being turned to military uses. Over the scope of these claims controversy has raged for centuries, and international lawyers, at any rate, from the days of Grotius and Selden have spent a great deal of ink. In general, as the Declaration of London was never ratified, it does not appear that the British blockade is, as Stalin attempts to suggest, in any way contrary to the recognised rules of international law. But he is, of course, on much stronger ground when he protests against the blockade on the score of inhumanity—even if he appears to many of us not to be quite the most suitable person for casting the first stone. It is undeniable that the blockade is " inhumane," but so is all war in the very nature. The British-French blockade, in its present form, is avowedly designed to starve the enemy out, and the fact that it has the sanction of international usage is no answer to those who say that the usage ought to have been modified long ago.

So evidently vulnerable is a simple dependence on the existing laws of war that those who uphold the blockade are inclined to fall back mainly on the second argument—that it is impossible to draw a line between foodstuffs and munitions of war. It is not, however, at all impossible to distinguish between those foodstuffs which are indispensable for munition-making, and those which either cannot be made into munitions at all, or are at most only adaptable with considerable difficulty or after a considerable lapse of time. If this distinction were made, fats would fall quite plainly into the first category, and grain and many kinds of fodder into the second—with sugar occupying perhaps an intermediate position. It would be possible, as Sir William Beveridge himself recognises, to make out quite a strong case, on this basis, for stopping some kinds of foodstuffs from entering Germany by sea, while letting others through.

At this point some people will object on the ground that the attempt to starve the Germans into submission is fully justifiable as a war method. It is, however, pertinent to remind such objectors that, even apart from the morals of the matter, Great Britain and France are not in a position to starve the Germans. Even after full allowance has been made for Germany's difficulties in paying for imports, the openness of trade not only with the Soviet Union, but also with most of Europe, including Scandinavia, makes it practically certain that Germany cannot be starved into surrender. No doubt privations can be inflicted on Germany by the Allied blockade; but positive starvation cannot, and it is difficult to suppose that the infliction of privations will make the Germans readier to regard the Allies as their potential deliverers.

There is, moreover, a very important consideration which throws doubt on the value of the blockade in its present form. The Soviet Union is so far alone in contending formally that it violates international law; but that does not mean that other trading countries are well pleased with it, or have not made private protests. In effect, in inflicting privations and losses on Germany, we are bound to be inflicting them on the trading neutrals as well. Neutral opinion is in the present situation so important a factor that it is incumbent upon us to think carefully before we decide to alienate it by measures which are not truly vital to military success.

These arguments are not meant to lead up to a suggestion that Great Britain and France should at once unilaterally abandon, or even modify, the blockade. They suggest rather that our Government should be willing to discuss the whole question, in conjunction with other questions of wartime humanity, not at some hypothetical future peace conference, but now. By " now " we mean, while hostilities are actually proceeding, but have not been conducted with all the " frightfulness " which most of us expected to be unloosed as soon as they began. We cannot be expected to be willing to discuss blockade apart from other questions—any more than we can seriously expect the Germans to discuss air bombardment without raising the question of blockade. If, however, by discussing all the questions of war " frightfulness " and alleged " frightfulness " together, with the assistance of the great neutral States, we could arrive at some sort of give-and-take arrangement, there is no reason to suppose that, in a military sense, we should have to give away more than we should gain, while on the moral plane and in our relations with the neutral world we should stand to gain a great deal.

After all, it is not good enough to stand put upon the laws of war as expounded in the most authoritative textbooks. The laws of war no more than any other man-made laws were made to stand for all time without alteration, unaffected either by technical changes in the art of war or by changes in men's minds. There is nothing sacred or eternal about the laws of blockade; and laws of war laid down before the advent of the bombing aeroplane can hardly be regarded as covering modern requirements in an adequate way. The laws of war were made to be modified in the light of changing conditions; and it would be well worth while to set about modifying them now, while both parties are obviously hesitant to risk the mass-destruction that might arise from taking unqualified advantage of all the loopholes in the existing code.

Probably, the initiative towards any such move must come from neutral sources. It would certainly come best of all from a group of neutral countries including the United States. But if this does not happen, and the first move comes, say, from Stalin, that is no good reason for meeting it with a mere refusal to discuss. Let us talk to the neutrals, and, if they protest to us about the blockade, point out to them that the blockade cannot be dealt with as an isolated issue. It is intimately connected, not merely with the German campaign against Allied and neutral shipping, but also, since it is a question of humanity, with the problem of air warfare. Nor can the right of blockade be treated as one and indivisible; for any partial relaxation would raise questions of the amount and use of permitted imports of foodstuffs and materials capable of being converted into munitions, as well as of the kinds of goods to be allowed free entry and immunity from seizure or sinking of the vessels conveying them. As against Germany's attempt to stop supplies to Great Britain it has already been shown that our blockade of Germany is a much more powerful weapon. But that is no good cause for our wishing to leave matters as they are, even from a purely non-moral point of view. A neutral initiative, designed to limit " war-frightfulness," could not be rejected without disaster; and, if it were accepted, it might even lead to results which would avert the collapse which is now threatening Western civilisation as a whole.

G. D. H. COLE

A LONDON DIARY

THE cumulative effect of the White Paper about Nazi concentration camps is appalling. As none of it is new and the world has now become used to atrocities, its effect will be less spectacular than that of the Bryce Report on German atrocities in Belgium in 1914. In fact, of course, the atrocities are far worse. An occupying army in a resentful country is certain to commit cruelties and individual acts of violence; and where "frightfulness" is an avowed method of keeping down the population such acts will be frequent and unrestrained. But the stories of Buchenwald and Dachau make the Belgian atrocities (which were not by any means all true) seem almost commonplace. These concentration camp horrors have taken place in peacetime; they were not committed by soldiers in a hostile country. Only the bravest of the victims were even political resisters. None of them were ever tried for any offence. Most of them had committed none except to have a wrong-shaped nose or to have entertained opinions which would be no barrier to membership of a British Cabinet. I think it is right that this ghastly story should now be given to the world in detail, but I wish the British authorities had not tried to hush up these things at an earlier stage when some of us really wanted to do something about them while there was time. We were told then that we were trying to interfere in the internal affairs of a friendly nation. The Government is prepared to do that now; the most effective method immediately at its disposal is to spread the detailed facts about these camps *in Germany*, where there are millions of decent people who only hear rumours about Nazi concentration camps and hate them as much as we do.

* * *

I gather that Mr. Attlee is shortly going to make an important speech dealing with Labour's War Aims. It is no easy job in the present muddle. But it has got to be done, even if the aims have to be rather more tentative than would have seemed necessary a few months ago. If everyone in authority hesitates to speak because of the difficulties, people will leave off thinking. For that reason especially I greatly admire the pamphlet on War Aims by Mr. G. D. H. Cole, which is being published from this office on Friday this week. How far people agree with Mr. Cole will depend a good deal on their attitude to the Soviet Union; but it is the peculiar merit of this pamphlet that it is not dogmatic, that it faces the difficulties squarely, and discusses the aim of European Federation, which we all have in mind, in a realistic way and not as a Utopian dream which may deceive people of goodwill while the Governments pursue their usual imperialistic ends. A good deal of Mr. Cole's thesis hangs on the possibilities of German revolution; but there are various types of possible revolution and Mr. Cole asks whether our present Government really wants a popular revolution in Germany. Is it not thoroughly afraid of anything of the kind? I believe almost everyone will want to read Mr. Cole's pamphlet—everyone I mean who is perplexed and trying to think, and that is the state of mind of almost everyone from peer to ploughboy whom I meet in these days.

* * *

My joke last week about the billeting of Public Schools has brought me several angry letters—and one charming invitation. The Headmaster of Shrewsbury has asked me to come down to see Tuck's Run, a cross-country event in which the Cheltenham boys are going to join. I wish I could have accepted—especially as I have a particular respect for the Salopian tradition of Classical scholarship. No attempt whatsoever is being made to keep the boys of the two schools apart; and I apologise for my error, which was not malicious. The *Times* correspondent, whose account I had been reading, emphasised the ingenuity with which the two schools kept their activities separate, and gave no hint that chances of "fraternisation" were welcomed. Moreover my mistake was not so unnatural as some of my correspondents pretend. One of these denies that any attempt is made in Public Schools to discourage friendships between boys in different houses. I am delighted that this grotesque custom does not prevail at Shrewsbury. But it continues elsewhere: thus a few years ago when the Headmaster of one Public School tried to put an end to such exclusiveness, the older House Masters refused permission for their prefects to go to tea with prefects in other houses! Perhaps the final disappearance of this sort of silliness will be one good result of the inconvenience to which so many Public Schools are now being put.

* * *

Deputations from the National Peace Council and the National Council for Civil Liberties had separate interviews last Tuesday with Mr. Attlee and Sir Archibald Sinclair. They had a special problem to discuss. They were not only criticising the Regulations which may be used to prevent the meetings of Pacifists or other dissident groups in the community; they were concerned rather with the peculiar police methods which have been employed to intimidate speakers at such meetings. Mr. T. E. Harvey, M.P., submitted a memorandum describing over 20 cases since the war in which the police had found ways of threatening the speakers without in any single case actually prosecuting them for anything they had said. I gather that both Mr. Attlee and Sir Archibald Sinclair were impressed with what they were shown and that the protest is likely to be presented to Sir John Anderson.

* * *

The other day I went to the pictures in a small country town. Included in the programme was a British news-reel, which was, as the audience presumably expected, devoted to news of the war. We saw military lorries moving with steady precision down a French road in the rain; we saw soldiers similarly marching in similar rain. These two pictures, we were told, indicated that the British Expeditionary Force didn't mind wet weather. We saw a plane take off and return, and a photograph which was said to be a photograph of the Siegfried Line as photographed from the plane. We saw a hospital ship coming into port, laden with those who had caught cold or been run over in France; we saw German prisoners in hospital beds, and finally the funeral of two German airmen shot down in one of the Scottish raids. A very calm picture of a bit of the British war effort; but what we did not see was any indication that the wet soldiers were in France for anything more serious than manœuvres. We were expected, it seems, to be happy with the information that they had got to France. Only one moment of the news-reel had any emotional content—when the R.A.F. laid wreaths on the coffins of the German airmen and played the Last Post over them. The impression was of sorrow that they had been killed.

* * *

This film reminded me of a phrase used in conversation the other day by a very responsible Government servant. He spoke of the possibility that the war would for some time continue in its present condition—rather, he said, "armed neutrality" than war. Well, I suppose that depends on Hitler, and if Britain and France continue firm in their resistance and if they would meanwhile strengthen their position by well-conceived propaganda in Germany and, by the right stand for democratic ideas, release, instead of suppressing, the popular forces in their Empires, I should regard their defensive policy as completely correct. We can stand the strain indefinitely if the Government will take the people into its confidence, and what an opportunity it is, if only they could see it, to develop England on a constructive plan and to take the first steps towards Federal Union with France and progressively with other countries! This side of the matter escapes the French imagination no less than the British. Everyone says that the French army is extremely efficient and its *morale* superb. But the attitude of the French authorities to the war seems to be even more remarkable and humane than our own

A few days ago the French wireless reported the proceedings when soldiers who had attacked on the Saar were presented with decorations. The General spoke of France's pride in their gallantry, but added that some of them had been reckless, that France could not afford to lose brave men and that he was removing them to a safer place. In future he hoped French soldiers would be more careful; patriotism was not the same thing as rashness. What a splendid change from the methods of the French generals in the last war! CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to R. L. Clark.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Amusing new oddments seen in the shops now include your Registration Card letters and numbers in silver on a black belt, and a ruby-red jumper with the opening bar of "God Save the King" embroidered on the pocket.—*Observer.*

'The only unfair thing about our propaganda against the Nazis,' writes Mr. Leonard E. Naylor, 'is the persistency with which our cartoonists adopt the little Dachshund as typifying the enemy. The Dachshund is no Nazi, for, as any owner of the dog will testify, he has a highly developed sense of humour. Moreover, he has every right to be regarded as a British dog.'—*Observer.*

Wrinkles, surgical scars removed, 1 visit. 1 eye free. No knife. —Advt. in *Daily Telegraph.*

BLUBO

IF I can follow the Nazi philosophy (and I may well have failed in this difficult task) the characteristics of a race depend on its blood and soil. This doctrine of "Blut und Boden" or "Blubo," as it is called for short by the children who have to attend lectures on it, has a primary appeal to the emotions. Nevertheless, it claims some sort of scientific basis, just as numerous theologies, which represent illegitimate intellectualisations of the quite genuine religious emotion, have claimed to be queens of the sciences in the past.

I am no pedologist, as those who study soil call themselves. But my meagre acquaintance with that science leads me to believe that while the soils of Germany are very diverse, none of them is peculiar to Germany. Friesland is not unlike northern Holland, Brandenburg is like western Poland, and so on.

With haematology, on the other hand, I have more than a bowing acquaintance. I spent three months in learning to measure the amounts of oxygen and carbon dioxide in a cubic centimetre of blood. As a hospital biochemist I have performed estimations of blood urea to decide whether or not it was safe to operate in cases of prostate disease, and many other routine analyses. I have certainly produced and measured greater changes in my own blood than anyone else has ever done. And it is about eighteen years since I first learned how to determine the group to which the blood of an individual belongs. So perhaps my knowledge of human blood from a scientific point of view is equal to that of Herr Hitler from the emotional angle.

And the scientific study of the connection between blood and race has led to very definite results. The pioneers were two Polish doctors, Ludwik Hirzfeld and his wife Hanna. They worked at the State Institute of Hygiene in Warsaw, so they may be dead to-day. But their work is not.

In 1900 Landsteiner in Vienna discovered that transfusion of blood from one man or woman to another caused illness or death in certain cases, and that the blood which he investigated fell into three groups. In 1907 Janski in Bohemia discovered a fourth group, and Moss in New York confirmed his discovery independently in the next year. During the war of 1914-1918 blood transfusion became important, and it was in Salonika, where the Hirzfelds were working with the allied armies, that they made the striking discovery that the frequencies of the groups were very different in different peoples. They sent a paper on their discovery to the *British Medical Journal*, which refused to print it. Finally it was published in the *Lancet*.

In 1910 von Dungern and Hirzfeld first investigated the inheritance of blood-group membership, but it was not till 1924 that Bernstein of Göttingen, now, like Landsteiner, a refugee in New York, stated the laws of this inheritance in the form which is now almost universally accepted as correct. These laws are used, under the Bastardy Act in Britain and similar laws in other countries, as tests of paternity in disputed cases.

The full significance of the Hirzfelds' discovery now began to appear. Physical anthropologists had long been measuring physical characters, such as skin colour and skull shape, in different human groups. They were known to be partly determined by heredity; but environment certainly influences them to some extent. Our skins become browner in summer. Certain primitive folk distort the heads of their children as civilised nations distort their feet. On the other hand, blood-group membership is absolutely fixed at birth (and indeed much earlier) and the laws of its inheritance are extremely simple. For the first time anthropologists could study a character in whose genesis environment played no part. If similar psychological characteristics are ever found, the problem of the relation between race and culture will be soluble, at least in principle.

It would have satisfied those who stress the difference between human races if the distinction between races had been sharp. If you take a lock of hair from a European and a negro you can assign it to the right race with almost complete certainty. But if you take a drop of blood you cannot. Actually if the bloods are taken from an Englishman and a Senegalese respectively, you will get the right answer in 62 per cent. of cases, instead of 50 per cent. by mere guessing. In the most favourable case, the distinction between an Eskimo and a Blackfoot Indian from the Rocky Mountains, you would only be right in 82 per cent. of cases. If you used other more delicate techniques you would increase the certainty of your diagnosis, but you would never be right in 100 per cent. of cases. In fact, if you want to be accurate, it is better to say that you are of pure European hair than of pure European blood!

The reason for this is that every race so far studied includes members of more than one group, and most of them include members of all four. So the characteristic of a race is not membership of a particular blood-group, but the proportions in which the various groups are found. The four groups are sometimes numbered, but are more usually designated as O, A, B, and AB, according as the blood corpuscles carry neither, one, or both, of two substances A and B. No one has been able to demonstrate any increase or decrease of fitness due to either of these substances. Hence the frequencies remain almost constant from one generation to another. Nor do they change, at least within a few centuries, when a people migrates to a different soil and climate. On the other hand, when two races intermarry the proportions in the mixed race are intermediate.

There is, of course, nothing in all this to surprise physical anthropologists. When we say that the Swedes are long-headed and the Swiss round-headed, we do not mean that every Swede has a long head and every Swiss a round head. We mean that long heads are commoner in Sweden than Switzerland. Blood groups are a better anthropological character than head shapes in so far as they are clear cut, and their heredity is understood, but a worse one in so far as they cannot be determined on skeletons, though this is occasionally possible with mummies.

Germany and Japan have led the world in the determination of blood-group membership on large numbers, but good data exist for Finland, Poland, and some parts of Italy, whilst the pre-Columbian peoples of America have been extensively studied. The Soviet data are rather scrappy considering the vast material available, but are better than those for Britain, France, Spain, Sweden and Norway. Over a quarter of a million determinations have been made in Japan, as compared with less than a thousand in Scotland, Ireland, or Wales. When, however, the data on those who have volunteered as blood donors this year are collected, the British figures should be fairly satisfactory, though still not so good as the German or Japanese. Stefan and Wellisch in Germany, and Boyd in Boston, have collected most of the data for the whole world. The differences are obvious when samples are large. Thus among about 5,000 Londoners, 45 per cent. belong to group O, 44 per cent. to group A, 8 per cent. to group B, and 3 per cent. to group AB; among 30,000 Berliners the figures are 37 per cent., 41 per cent., 15 per cent., and 7 per cent., whilst 5,000 inhabitants of Leningrad have 32 per cent., 37 per cent., 23 per cent., and 8 per cent. The most striking change as we go eastwards in Europe is the increase in the number of people who have the B substance, with or without A, from about 10 per cent. in Britain, Spain, and Belgium, to 37 per cent. in the Perm district of the Urals.

At the International Genetical Congress in Edinburgh in Europe I showed maps based on counts of 75 European populations. We can draw contour lines across Europe so that to the east of a given line all large samples have more than, say, 20 per cent. of members carrying the B substance, whilst to the west of it less than 20 per cent. possess it. These contour lines run roughly north and south, though of course, they are not quite straight. For example, the Czechs have more of the B substance than the German-speaking peoples to their north and south, and the Greeks and Turks have less of it than the peoples of the Balkans to their north.

If we make a relief map on the basis of these contours, we should find that the Soviet Union was represented by a large plateau with a gentle slope, broken by a few peaks caused by primitive folks such as the Votyaks, and depressions represented by the Jews. Curiously enough, the blood-group frequencies among the Jews of Odessa are very close to those of the Gentiles of Königsberg. Esthonia, Latvia, and Poland form part of the Russian plateau, but Finland and Lithuania are well below it.

The contour lines are crowded together in the Baltic, since Scandinavia has far less of the B substance than the countries east of that sea. There is also a sharp slope from east to west in Germany. East Prussia is on the level of Bulgaria and the Swedish-speaking Finns, whilst Munich and the Rhineland are comparable with Scandinavia, Scotland, Paris, and Lombardy. In western Europe, the level of B is low, but less regular than that of the Russian plain. The lowest figures for B are a rather doubtful one for Madrid and a still more doubtful one based on a small number of Basques.

In Eurasia as a whole we find the highest proportion of B among the "depressed classes" in India, though even among Brahmins it is well above the European level. It is also high among the Buriats in southern Siberia. The frequency falls off as we go eastwards or westwards from central Asia. There seems to be little reason to doubt Bernstein's theory that the B substance, or rather the gene responsible for it, has spread from central Asia both eastwards and westwards, into populations where it was originally rare or absent.

Among the Atlantic peoples who have little B, there are great differences in the amount of A. The people of Ireland (both Dublin and Belfast) have far less of it than those of London and East Anglia; and the scanty data for Scotland, Wales, and western England, seem to put them in an intermediate position. Germany, because its forests and mountains acted as barriers against infiltration from the east, shows such heterogeneity that one cannot speak of a German race as one can of a Japanese or even a Russian race. But the British Isles, which seem to include samples of the neolithic peoples of western Europe little affected by later movements, are even more heterogeneous than Germany.

To take a single example of the application of "Blubo," the bloods of the people of Danzig are intermediate between those of eastern Germany and Poland. So on this criterion Danzig should remain a "free city." To my mind such a conclusion deserves to be ranked with the mitigation of the Sunchild's sentence in Erewhon on account of the meritorious colour of His hair. It seems fairly obvious that the primary criterion of the legal nationality of any people should be their own wishes, while the economic and strategical interests of neighbours should not always be neglected.

The facts about human blood form a part of the science of physical anthropology, as do those concerning skin pigmentation. If the pigments in the skin of our Indian fellow-subjects absorbed in the ultra-violet region only, instead of in the visible region, as they actually do, we should be unable to distinguish them except by careful tests, and should be much more likely to treat them as equals. We may hope that, by the time the facts concerning blood-group membership are widely known, it will also be realised that they serve to unite the human peoples rather than to divide them. If I want a blood transfusion, and no tests are available for the donors, I shall do best, as a member of group O, to pick a Maya or a Pueblo Indian from Arizona. If you belong to group B you had better choose an "untouchable" from India. Perhaps it might have been better for the Nazi philosophy if Hitler had confined his attention to hair and noses, and left the study of blood to those who are more interested in saving lives than in taking them.

J. B. S. HALDANE

LAST OF THE REVIEWERS?

MANY hard things have been said about reviewers—they have been compared to lice and all sorts of unpleasant creatures—but Mrs. Woolf's verdict on them, in her new Hogarth Pamphlet, *Reviewing*,* if less insulting, is surely the most contemptuous yet uttered: she tells them that they have ceased to be of any use in the world and that for various reasons it would be a great deal better if they were abolished. They are salt that has lost its savour; the caudal appendix of literature; weedy descendants of a tribe which the civilisation of to-day, such as it is, is gradually squeezing out of existence.

Mrs. Woolf's essay, like all her work, is beautifully written, and reviewers could not ask to be dismissed to their doom in more graceful English. At the same time, her pessimism seems to me to be the result of a misunderstanding. She has overlooked the fact that, whatever people talk about, they also want to read and write about, whether it is books, birds, politics or the cinema. So long as hundreds of thousands of people are interested in books, they will talk and read about books. They will exchange opinions eagerly about So-and-so's latest novel, and you may be sure they will be equally eager to read what some critic whose opinion they respect thinks of it. You can no more abolish writing about books in a book-loving world than you can abolish writing about sport in a sport-loving world.

The fact is, books to a large part of the public are news. They are news in much the same way in which Stock Exchange prices are news. And there is this also in common between the literary page and the financial page in the newspapers—that it is the purpose of each to provide the reader, not only with news, but with advice. It is the function of the reviewer to be at once a reporter and a guide. If he is lucky enough to come on a work of genius—say a new book by Mr. de la Mare—he writes as a critic judging by "eternal standards," crying "Eureka!" over his discovery of gold and giving reasons for the faith that is in him. Unfortunately, however, most books are not works of genius; and the reviewer has to measure them by a different standard. This is not difficult,

* "Reviewing" By Virginia Woolf. *Hogarth Press.* 6d.

and ought not to put a strain on his conscience. He realises that there are two kinds of literature—permanent literature and temporary literature—and that the best of temporary literature is both admirable and enjoyable in its own generation. And most of his energy will necessarily be devoted to discovering what in temporary literature is most admirable and enjoyable.

In doing this he has to think not only of himself but of the public. He must ask himself not only "Do I like this book?" but "Is it a good book of its kind—a book that will entertain the public for whom it is intended?" As Mr. Leonard Woolf puts it in a postscript to Mrs. Woolf's pamphlet: "The function of the reviewer . . . is to give to readers a description of the book and an estimate of its quality in order that he may know whether or not it is the kind of book which he may want to read." Some reviewers, when young, look on this as a degradation of their mission. They feel it their duty to be intolerant of all books that do not appeal to their own taste. As they grow older, however, they usually realise that there are all sorts of excellences in books—the excellence of a good Wild West story, the excellence of a good detective story, the excellence of a good novel of indictment, the excellence of a good *roman à clef*. It is the reviewer's business to discover and announce excellence, whatever its kind, in new books—to say whether a new book is or is not excellent for its intended purpose.

But, protests Mrs. Woolf, there are so many reviewers nowadays with so many different opinions that, as guides to a choice of reading, they are merely bewildering and therefore useless. "The reader asks the reviewer to tell him whether the poem is good or bad in order that he may decide whether to buy it or not. Sixty reviewers at once assure him that it is a masterpiece—and worthless. The clash of completely contradictory opinions cancel each other out." But surely this clash of opinion is no new phenomenon. Johnson and Horace Walpole differed about the genius of Gray. Leigh Hunt and De Quincey held opposite opinions about the poetry of Keats. How much better this is than it would be to have all the critics repeating the judgments of the latest orthodoxy—echoes of the mass-mind of a coterie! And, in point of fact, the reader who looks for guidance to the reviewer does not read sixty reviews. As a rule, he has confidence in the taste of this or that reviewer because he has found by experience that it usually accords with his own, and he ceases to set any store by the opinions of a reviewer who by his recommendations, he feels, has again and again "let him down."

Mrs. Woolf, however, attributes the decline and fall of reviewing, not only to the number of mutually contradictory reviewers, but to the fact that reviews have become "shorter and quicker." As regards the speed at which the modern reviewer has to work, I doubt whether that greatly hampers judgment. I should think that the judgments of reviewers to-day are at least as sound as those of the more leisurely Victorians. The Victorian reviewers certainly got very few bouquets from the Victorian authors. As regards brevity, the modern newspaper reviewer has, I agree, had his space restricted, as have the modern leader-writer and the modern reporter. This need not drive him to despair, however. One reviewer can compress more criticism into a paragraph than another will spread over a column. I should like to see more space given to long reviews in the newspapers, but at the same time I see no evidence that reviewing has deterioriated in honesty, vigour or intelligence under the hard conditions of modern journalism. Reviewing was always good, bad, and indifferent. It remains good, bad, and indifferent to-day. "The standard of competence is as high in reviewing," says Mr. Leonard Woolf, "as in every other trade or profession of which I have had inside knowledge."

Mrs. Woolf, I see, raises the question of the value of the reviewer's office, not only to the reader but to the author. It seems to me that a reviewer's work may be of some accidental service to an author; but the reviewer does not write for the purpose of influencing authors any more than Mr. Neville Cardus in his cricket sketches writes for the purpose of improving the style of batsmen and bowlers. Mr. Cardus is not a cricket-coach. He is a descriptive writer and commentator, whose subject is the subtle delights and less subtle boredoms of the game. Woolley and Bradman may, for all I know to the contrary, have learnt something from his comments; but they would have been players of genius even if Mr. Cardus had never lived. It is in much the same way that the reviewer writes about authors. He can, or may think he can, exult in the fine strokes of Mr. de la Mare or Mr. T. S. Eliot or announce their deficiencies. But it is not for the author's sake that he does this; it is for the reader's. The chief responsibility of the reviewer, as of the university lecturer, is to his audience. He has only one duty to authors—to be fair to them, to remember that they are human, and not to indulge too freely in the sadistic pleasure of flaying them alive.

Incidentally, of course, the good reviewer performs as great a service to the author as to the reader. In an age of publicity, he gives him publicity. He is the go-between between the public and literature, even if most of this is only temporary literature. In the present age of universal education, he is probably more necessary than ever before. In spite of what Mrs. Woolf says, I am sure he is more widely and more eagerly read than ever before. He is read by the increasing public which is excited about books just as the racing correspondent is read by the increasing public which is excited about horse-races.

Again, I will not admit—what both Mr. and Mrs. Woolf contend—that reviewing is quite distinct from literary criticism. If the reviewer has the gifts of a literary critic, as Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, for example, has, criticism will break in, even though the review is only four hundred words long. Mr. MacCarthy would remain a critic, I am sure, if he were allowed no more space than a sentence.

For all these reasons I hold that the reviewer's is a reputable, essential, and vital craft—with a future. Mrs. Woolf has written the most charming of epitaphs on him—but it is an epitaph on a cenotaph. There is no corpse there—yet; and I fancy that the corpse will still be missing in the year 2039.

Y. Y.

WAR AIMS

Pass me the map of Europe, please. I want
To make some simple changes. First, I cut
A section here with the scissors, just between
The Maginot and Siegfried Lines, then round
By the Duchy, Belgium, Holland, Denmark; then,
Turning the scissors east, along the sea-board,
To East Prussia, right across the Corridor;
Snip, down Silesia; snip, northwards again,
Missing the Czechs and Slovaks; snip, to the south,
Past Austria, left intact; past Switzerland;
Back to the embattled front. The cut's complete.
Here's Hitler's Germany, laid in my palm,
Leaving in its place a noble waste of sea,
A grand new Baltic, Denmark isled in its mouth
(And, incidentally, proving Shakespeare right,
For here's the sea-coast of Bohemia).
But . . Where to place the amputated member
Of old Europe's tortured body? Here's the spot.
Lifting it carefully through the Cattegat,
We tow it out to sea, and moor it safely
Out of harm's way, somewhere in mid-Atlantic,
As nucleus for a Brave New Continent,
Which we name Babel.
Next, we shear off Italy,
Shove it sideways through the Straits, and join it firmly
To the Nazi Reich, with some Alps to make a frontier.
Then, for we can afford to be generous—
(The map of Africa, and the scissors, please)
—Add the Sahara, for joint *Lebensraum*.

Is the task done yet? No, there's more to come;
Europe, again, please, for an act of kindness,
While I move Iceland to a warmer region,
Because the new Baltic has ample space for islands;
And—a bright inspiration of the moment—
We'll snip off Ulster, and moor it off Leningrad,
And see what Stalin makes of Orange Lodges.
Lastly, surrounding our new continent
With banks and shoals, fatal to mariners,
Shrouding it with fogs, too dense for aviation,
We'll call it a week, and rest on the seventh day.
And then, rising like giants refreshed, assemble,
Where Berchtesgaden was, and make a treaty,
Abolish the profit system, end all empires,
Set up *our* Union of Socialist Republics,
Disarm, detotalise, reassert our freedom,
And live like fighting cocks in perfect peace,
Till some new Eve is tempted by an apple,
And all's to do again.
Till then, sleep sweetly.

G. D. H. C.

Miscellany

MUSIC AND THE PUBLIC

A FRIEND of mine who is in a regiment stationed at present in the South of England prior to service overseas came to see me last Sunday and I asked him what he thought of the B.B.C. programmes. His reply was: "What is the matter with the B.B.C.? They seem to be completely out of touch with things and with the feeling in the country. From the German and French stations or from Rome we get better programmes, more and better music, while the French and Neutral news is far superior to ours." The experience of everybody I meet endorses this opinion and it is surely a sign that something is radically wrong if British soldiers have to listen in to foreign stations to get musical and other programmes worth hearing. In my own experience I may say that the B.B.C. news in foreign languages and for some time its *Sonderbericht* have been the only decent things in its programmes for some time. On the home front its level is simply ghastly and a blot on our national life. Are we really this nation of witless and cultureless adolescents for whom the smart young men of the B.B.C. with their facetiousness, jazziness and cheap vulgarity are catering? I simply do not believe it.

Fortunately, on every side there are signs of re-awakening from the stupor of the first black-out. Sir Thomas Beecham has emerged from the rest which he had promised himself and is to conduct a series of concerts for the Royal Philharmonic Society—two on the Thursday afternoons of November 16th and 23rd (from 2.30 to 4.30) and further concerts on February 1st, 8th and 22nd and March 7th, 1940. The B.B.C. gave the first outside broadcast of a public concert since the beginning of the war on October 22nd, and will have given the first of a series of weekly symphony concerts at the Colston Hall, Bristol, by the time these lines are in print. These concerts will start at 7 p.m. and finish at 9. Mr. Samuel Courtauld's Concert Club has already begun its season and its second concert will be on Saturday afternoon, November 11th at the Queen's Hall, London. In the meantime Sir Kenneth Clark, director of the National Gallery, has been keeping music in London alive by a series of concerts at 1 p.m. at the National Gallery, which have been visited by thousands of music-hungry people.

The evident demand for music has caused a number of other fresh undertakings to start. Sadler's Wells is giving Saturday matinees (2.0 p.m.) and Thursday evenings (6.30 p.m.) of opera, and the operas for November are *Figaro*, *La Bohème*, *Madam Butterfly*, *Carmen*, *Rigoletto* and *Il Trovatore*. The management has also arranged a series of five Sunday afternoon orchestral and chamber concerts, beginning on November 5th at 2.30, the first to be conducted by Sir Henry Wood. At the Mercury Theatre, Mr. Ashley Dukes has presented Mr. Geoffrey Dunn's "Intimate Opera" for a season and the excellent programme of Arne, Carey, Purcell and Pergolesi, short operas which were noticed earlier in the year, has been revived. In addition to these a series of "Everyman" chamber music concerts is being given at the Rudolf Steiner Hall, Marylebone, on Wednesday afternoons, at 3 o'clock.

All these activities are a sign of the public demand for good music. It would be quite as true to say that there is at least as great a demand for good plays. The success of *The Playboy of the Western World*, now transferred to the Duchess Theatre in spite of the performance being inadequate, indicates that the taste of the public is not as low as the bright boys of the B.B.C. are content to imagine.

In spite of all the evidence, will nothing remove from the minds of those who control the B.B.C. the terror they show of good taste, serious music and drama, true excellence and straightforward merit in production and performers? Must they resort, even when the material is not shoddy, to the cheapest tricks of presentation and a most banal "sporty" sort of facetious humour which represents all that is worst and most corrupted in our national life? I am afraid that the answer is nothing. The B.B.C. has in large numbers on its production side the wrong sort of staff. They are infected by the panic fear of not being lively, of being boring. But how one longs even for straightforward dullness, the dullness of a scientific lecturer in place of this false and forced liveliness which is horrible beyond description. Perhaps if Mr. Ogilvie or whoever happened to be director of the B.B.C. were forced by law to listen to all the entertainment programmes of the B.B.C. every day something might then happen. He certainly could not stand it for long, but what the ear does not hear is good enough for the other fellow; so until some sensible people in authority are compelled to listen in daily to all the B.B.C. attempts at imitation air-raids and other similarly lamentable attempts at entertainment, I am afraid we can look for no improvement.

In the meantime we can, however, tune in to Germany, Italy and France. From these stations we can hear first-class classical chamber and orchestral music, excellently played as well as splendid operatic performances. Even their popular entertainment is on a higher level than ours, just as the French films are better constructed, more intelligently planned and infinitely better acted than our British films and also are superior to all but the best of the American films of each year. There is a war to be won on the home front for here, in my opinion, our situation is desperate. W. J. TURNER

COUNTRY NOTES

Yeoman Calling

WHEN one lives surrounded by simple people whose interest lies entirely in country things, it is a little startling to come suddenly across a page of statistics proving beyond question how urban-minded the population of this island really is. Startling, but no doubt salutary. I had grown too well accustomed to taking the country lovers for granted—the men who had "a way" with animals, the children with their odd little bits of country lore, the gardener handling a plant with tenderness and decision. Unthinking, I had begun to feel that life must revolve round country matters, and that to divorce the Englishman from his fields and cotes was to bring a spiritual death upon him. I know better now.

It appears that with a miserable 7 per cent. we have the smallest agricultural population in the world. It appears also that during the last eighteen years three hundred thousand men have deserted the land. We could add a hundred million pounds a year in food production if we chose. We don't choose. Why?

The author of this illuminating study* is himself a practical farmer, a big landlord, and an agricultural expert. In this treble capacity he might be expected to take the utilitarian point of view, advocating the abolition of what has always seemed to me the absurdly wasteful system of our farming and the creation of communal (or even nationalised) farms on the scale of Gigant. He does nothing of the sort. He never even mentions the extravagance (both of acreage and labour) of our small-field system with its hedgerows in need of annual attention, brishing and ditching; its limited range for the frequent turning of plough or tractor; its waste of headings which in the aggregate must amount to many thousands of acres, many gallons of petrol, and many hours of time. None of these things does he decry. I myself, if I were an agricultural expert, a Minister of Agriculture, or even a totalitarian dictator, would certainly and seriously consider the necessity for reforming our present system. To do so would go against all my personal instincts and all my love of the yeoman such as he still is. It would break my heart to see the familiar aspects of England altered from our toy-like fields into wide stretches of undivided land where the gyro-tiller could churn the soil for two or three miles on end without coming to a turn. I should hate to see the yeomen swept away and replaced by so inhuman a thing as the communal overseer and the mechanised farm. Even so, I have always had a distressing suspicion that this is what we ought to do, if the agricultural possibilities of our land were to be properly exploited.

It was a great comfort, therefore, to find a real expert in these matters implying that we need not and should not. If I were not convinced and assured that Mr. Turnor is impeccably a realist, I should incline to think him a sentimentalist. It is surprising to read such a paragraph as this in the middle of a book devoted to such dry facts as the Pigs Marketing Scheme, the Bacon Development Board, the Potato Marketing Scheme, and the Schultze-Delitsch credit system:

> The land responds to human effort, in general terms, far more than to mechanical treatment . . . the yield of the small farm, worked by the man and his family, is greater per acre than is the yield of the large farm, and livestock thrives best when handled by the man who owns it.

It is always unfair to lift a passage out of its context, and perhaps by quoting these few words out of a serious book I may annoy its author unduly. I quote them, however, as they raise an interesting point. What the author is really pleading for is a change of heart—a consummation easier to desire than to bring about, as many sincere Christians may often have noticed. In other words, he wants to see his countrymen becoming more country-minded. Being a practical man, he is not afraid to carry his argument to a logical conclusion where it borders almost on the ridiculous, and leads him to urge his countrywomen to insist on better vegetables in the allotments (he has seen the allotments worked by the dock-labourers of Antwerp) and to learn how to cook them better. It seems too good to hope for. Still, if in one generation we can become airminded, why despair of becoming country-minded again when we have all the tremendous tradition of agriculture behind us? It is no despicable profession.

Wool

This paragraph has nothing to do with agriculture, it has to do only with a little divertissement of my own. I refer to the wool which annually we send to be spun and dyed in Scotland, and which at this time of year returns to us in fat ounces repeating all the colours of autumn. Russet and yellow and red and brown, I took it all to the neighbouring Convent of the Good Shepherd. We tumbled it out on to the table of the parlour. It made a muddle of colour there, on the nut-brown polished table of the whitewashed room We were so much taken up in discussion about plys and skeins that for a time I forgot to look around me; when I did so, I suddenly saw the whole room as a revelation. There was a crucifix hanging on the wall; some red leaves in a glass; two nuns in white, seated; a penitent in black, standing. One of the nuns was aged, with a pink-and-white humorous old face; the other young, with a face calmly beautiful; her hands emerging from her big white sleeves made few gestures, but those gestures were as tranquil as though they had been studied. The little penitent stood demurely by. She was robed mediaevally in black, with a white bonnet like a halo round her head; her hands, in case they should offend, were clasped against her belt; her robe was ankle-length; her stockings white above her buckled shoes. Through the window the quiet landscape showed; some grazing sheep, the church upon the hill, and a novice in white fishing for Friday's dinner. The wools lay on the table, and in that plain room among the grave women, I wondered whether my wools looked more Biblical or mundane? They certainly seemed to have some intimate connection with the nuns, the young Magdalen, and the landscape shown between the lattices; but what that connection was, I could not exactly determine.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

* Yeoman Calling, by Christopher Turnor. *W. & R. Chambers* 7/6.

SLIGHTLY FOXED:

or, THE WIDOWER OF BAYSWATER

DECADES ago wits, poets and dukes
Circled like planets round Gloria Jukes,
Bluestocking, tuft-hunter, *grande amoureuse*—
Was ever a *salon* brilliant as hers?

Her name still turns up though she's turned up her toes,
You meet her in memoirs, they still quote her *mots*,
And old crones remember her faults and her furs—
Such foibles, my dear, such sables were hers!

A wrecker of homes and a breaker of hearts,
She talked like a book and encouraged the arts,
Political hostesses envied her poise
And said they preferred conversation to noise.

Her cook was a dream, her pearls were in ropes,
She furthered ambitions, she realised hopes,
Lent Dowson a fiver, put rouge on her eyebrows,
Enchanted grandees and reconciled highbrows,

Acclimatised novel Bohemian behaviour
In the stuffiest house in Victorian Belgravia,
And when St. John's Wood was abandoned to orgies
Behaved like a dignified bride at St. George's.

A Personage paid to her regal *poitrine*
A compliment royal, and she looked like a queen—
But of some Ruritanian kingdom, maybe—
All plastered with gifts like a Christmas tree.

When her guests were awash with champagne and with gin
She was recklessly sober, as sharp as a pin:
An abstemious man would reel at her look
As she rolled a bright eye and praised his last book.

She twitted George Moore, she flirted with Tree,
Gave dear Rider Haggard material for *She*,
Talked scansion with Bridges and scandal with Wilde,
To Drinkwater drank and at Crackanthorpe smiled.

Brzeska and Brooke were among those she knew
And she lived long enough to meet Lawrences, too,
D. H. and T. E.—she, who'd known R. L. S.,
Talked to Hardy of *Kim*, and to Kipling of *Tess!*

Now she's been dead for more than ten years
We look round in vain to discover her peers;
The Gloria (it has often been said) is departed
And a new and inferior period has started. . . .

But tucked right away in a Bayswater attic,
Arthritic, ignoble, stone-deaf and rheumatic,
There still lingers on, by the strangest of flukes,
Yes, Gloria's husband—Plantagenet Jukes!

Ignored in her lifetime, he paid for her fun
And enjoyed all the fuss. When she died he was done.
He sold up the house and retired from the scene
Where nobody noticed that he'd ever been.

His memoirs unwritten (though once he began 'em)
He lives on a hundred and fifty per annum
And once in the day totters out for a stroll
To purchase the *Times*, two eggs, and a roll.

Up to now he has paid for his pleasures and needs
With books he had saved and that everyone reads,
Signed copies presented by authors to Gloria
In the reigns of King Edward and good Queen Victoria.

They brought in fair prices but came to an end,
Then Jukes was reduced to one book-loving friend,
A girl of the streets with a smatter of culture
And the genial ways of an African vulture.

To this bird he offered the last of the lot,
A volume of Flecker beginning to rot.
She opened it, stormed: "Cor blimey, you're potty!
D'you think I can't see that the pages are spotty!

Your Flecker is foxed, you old fool, and I'm through!"
Then out of the door in a tantrum she flew,
Leaving poor Jukes, in the black-out, in bed
With his past, and the book, and a bruise on his head.

WILLIAM PLOMER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Playboy of the Western World," at the Duchess.

The Playboy of the Western World was first produced in 1907. Since then there has been so much exploitation of Irishism, of brogue and blarney and blague, that it is surprising to find how clean an impact Synge's comedy still makes. Partly it is because the play is aimed at just those elements in the Irish charm which have most lent themselves to exploitation; partly that the director of this production, John Chandos, understands and brings out the irony. John Chandos, besides directing, plays Christie Mahon and speaks Synge's "sweet" prose with great effect; and he is well supported by the rest of the caste, notably Moya Devlin as Pe e:n, B:efori O'Rorke as Old Mahon and Harry Hutchinson as Michael James. Purists of intonation, or veterans of earlier productions, might find a good deal to criticise. But for the less exacting, and for those who have never seen this admirable comedy, it is highly recommended.

"The Lion Has Wings," at the Leicester Square Theatre
"The March of Time: The Battle Fleets of Britain," at Studio Two
"Daughters Courageous," at the Warner

The Lion Has Wings is a propaganda film, a conglomeration of news-reel pictures, documentaries, a reconstruction of the raid on the Kiel Canal, and episodes featuring Merle Oberon and Ralph Richardson to provide some sort of story and continuity. It opens with a series of pictures contrasting the peaceful development of democratic England with the building of the Nazi war machine: pictures of German soldiers marching in the streets contrasted with English crowds at a race meeting, Hitler speaking in the Reichstag with a bookie shouting the odds. Then we are given, with the aid of a map, a short summary of Hitler's broken pledges and aggressions in Europe, culminating in the attack on Poland and England's reluctant declaration of war. Here the main characters are introduced, Ralph Richardson is a wing commander, Merle Oberon, his wife, is a red cross nurse; distressed but resolute they do their duty which provides or introduces the action of the remainder of the film. First we see the reconstruction of the raid on the Kiel Canal, officially sponsored and therefore probably more or less authentic, with actual shots of the take off and return of some of the men and the machines which took part. Then we see Britain's air defences at work; an organisation known as the Fighter Command, of enormous efficiency and modernity, appears to be in charge, and the fighter planes, anti-aircraft guns and balloon barrages are most effectively shown defending us against raiders, although it does seem questionable whether the balloons will cause such surprise and consternation amongst the raiders as the film suggests. In the final sequence Miss Oberon states her war aims which include "freedom and a little . . . kindness." It is difficult to estimate what the propaganda value of this film will be, either at home or in the neutral countries. The sophisticated everywhere will undoubtedly object to its tone (are Journey's End officers and Bruce Bairnsfather men our best propaganda types?), but its tracing of pre-war history is, though brief, quiet and humorous, and effective as far as it goes; the air defence pictures should be most encouraging to civil morale, and the Kiel Canal Raid is both inspiring and touching. The effectiveness of the film would of course be greater if it gave a less misty explanation of the purposes for which the Lion is using its Wings. But for that fault Mr. Korda is not to blame.

The new *March of Time* film, *The Battle Fleets of Britain*, deserves the most earnest attention of the Ministry of Information. It is a model of what our propaganda should be—exciting, instructive and impressive. The commentary, spoken with a pleasing slight American accent—so much more effective on the sound-track than B.B.C. urbanity—could not be better done. With no boasting, no bogus eloquence, the strength and efficiency of the British Navy are placed before us. The photographs, all presumably taken before the War, are superb. This film ought to be shown as widely as possible, and every facility afforded to its director for making another such study of the Navy since the War began.

Daughters Courageous is a most misleading title for an entertaining film. After a bad start which suggests yet another crazy comedy, it becomes the story of a mother (Fay Bainter) and four daughters (the Lane sisters and Gale Page) whose potential marriages and careers are temporarily upset by the reappearance of their father (Claude Rains), vanished some twenty years. His charm is still as active as ever and he nearly succeeds in winning back his ex-wife and driving one daughter out of the arms of her rather prosaic fiancé into those of a feckless young fisherman (John Garfield) of no means and few scruples. His ultimate departure with the fisherman leaves the way open for the mother's marriage to a substantial business man and a happy ending for his daughters. The story is enlivened by remarkably effective camera work, amusing dialogue, and the delightful performances of Miss Page and Mr. Garfield.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, November 4th—
- N.C.C.L. Delegate Conference. Subject: "Civil Liberty in Wartime"; Speakers: Prof. H. J. Laski, A. S. Comyns Carr, Robert Willis, W. H. Thompson. Beaver Hall, Cannon Street, 2.15. Tickets and credentials from 320 Regent Street, W.1.
- Hamilton Fyfe: "New Powers of Propaganda and Repression," Conway Hall, 2.15.

SUNDAY, November 5th—
- Dr. C. E. M. Joad: "Plato Comments on Communism," Conway Hall, 11.
- Royal Philharmonic Society Concert, Sadler's Wells, 2.30.
- Beecham Sunday Concert, Queens Hall, 2.45.

MONDAY, November 6th—
- Opening of full day and evening classes of Central School of Arts and Crafts, together with Westminster School of Art, at Central School's building, Southampton Row.
- "Young England," Holborn Empire

TUESDAY, November 7th—
- Gerald Bailey: "State Britain's Peace Terms," Friends House, 1.20.
- "His Majesty's Guest," Shaftesbury.
- "The Golden Cuckoo," Cambridge Festival Theatre.

THURSDAY, November 9th—
- Stephen Potter: "Literature into Broadcasting," Royal Institution, 2.30. And November 16th.
- Lecture with musical extracts on an unknown opera of Mozart: "The Goose of Cairo," Austrian Centre, 124 Westbourne Terrace, 5.

FRIDAY, November 10th—
- Mass Meeting of the Socialist Party of Gt. Britain, Conway Hall, 6.30.

Correspondence

WAR AIMS

[We continue to receive many letters on this subject. In order to remove misunderstandings, we set down in the briefest terms certain considerations which have guided us in forming policy :

(1) The equation "Collective Security = War" which seems to be assumed by many critics, is in our view the reverse of the truth. We consistently advocated collective security because we saw in it the best hope of avoiding war. If collective resistance to aggression had been assured and a positive counter policy offered to the world, Hitler could not have carried out piecemeal conquests ; if this had been done in time Hitler could have been stopped or very possibly overthrown without war.

(2) We opposed the British pledge to Poland because without the prior alliance with the U.S.S.R., it was likely to lead to the destruction of Poland and to war in very disadvantageous conditions.

(3) We regarded the Nazi Soviet Pact and the subsequent partition of Poland as rendering impossible the restoration of the old frontiers of the Polish State though not of course as affecting the importance of restoring, in some form, an independent Poland. The right form of restoration both for Poland and Czechoslovakia is, in our view, as parts of a Federal Europe, which is indeed the only ultimate solution of the European problem. We held therefore that Britain and France should restate their war aims in terms which would both take account of the new facts in Eastern Europe and give the Germans (and also the British, French and neutral nations) a plain guarantee of their democratic intentions.

(4) When Hitler made his peace offer, we did not regard it as offering a basis on which peace could be made. We argued, however, that Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier should have retorted, not with a mere negative, but with an expression of readiness for conference on certain conditions. No conference seemed to us possible without the participation of neutral States, of which the United States was far the most important. Though the chance of success might not be great we held that Great Britain and France could lose nothing by proposing such a conference, while much would be gained even if it proved impracticable or broke down after it was called. At least the world would know the kind of terms for which the democracies stood and it would give us a unique opportunity of addressing German and neutral opinion.

(5) We refer those who fear that the result of such a positive initiative would be to strengthen Hitler to Mr. Lloyd George's remark that : "You can be firm at a Conference as well as on a battlefield." The circumstances of a staunch anti-Hitler public opinion, of neutral association with our proposals (an essential condition) and of a strong, armed and mobilised Britain and France with a positive policy, and positive demands —such circumstances remove all comparison between such a proposal and the suggestion of another Munich. We are aware that the difficulties and dangers are great. They are ably set out in the letters we print below. But the difficulties and dangers exist in this situation whatever policy is followed. —ED. *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—Like so many of those who urged on us in the past—unfortunately in vain—firm and determined action in support of our pledged word and in the defence of small and weak States against aggression now that we have taken up arms to redeem a promise given you appear to recoil from the consequences. If the principle of collective security had been supported it might have been that earlier problems could have been satisfactorily solved without war, but there was always the risk to be taken. Were those right who held that our support would melt away when the first blood was spilt ? We realise that a heavier price in blood and treasures will have to be paid now than would have been the case if a stand had been made earlier and for that those who have misdirected our foreign policy must bear the responsibility and will surely one day have to meet the reckoning, but now that they have been forced at last to adopt the line we have always advocated is surely not the time for us to waver ?

Detestation of war is the mark of the civilised man—it is not necessary to particularise of what fear of war is the mark.

In your current issue you give support to Mr. Lloyd George's plea for a conference with Hitler—presumably now while he is still in possession of the spoils. Would it not be well first to consider the minimum results of such a conference which could be regarded as in any way satisfactory ? The restoration of freedom to the Czechs and Slovaks, to the Poles and to the Austrians, should they desire it, would certainly have to be demanded. Is it conceivable that an unbeaten Hitler would grant these demands ? Eut in the event of the incredible happening would he take his place in the councils of Europe, resigning all his ambitions and prepared to live at peace on equal terms with these and other peoples whom he regards as of inferior blood and hampering to the great destiny of Germany ?

It has been proved over and over again that no promises made by the present rulers of Germany are worth anything. It follows that they must be replaced before results of value could be achieved by the method of discussion.

There are worse things than war—a world at the mercy of the next whim of a criminal megalomaniac is one of them.

Let us press on with it then until our objects are attained, not forgetting to so improve our propaganda as to make the right kind of appeal to the sixteen million German men and women who at the last free election voted anti-Hitler, for it is only by co-operation with them and not by negotiating with their tyrants that a true and lasting peace can be obtained.

Kilmorie, Torquay. EDWARD WHITLEY

SIR,—I am afraid I am not satisfied that you have a convincing answer to those who, like Mr. Keynes and Princess Bibesco, contrast your general attitude on the question of resistance to Hitler before the war with your present pleading for a conference.

You attempt to reconcile the difference by arguing (broadly) that the position is now entirely altered through Russia having taken the centre of the diplomatic stage and having become a necessary party to any settlement. Personally, I cannot share your faith in the altruism of the Russian Government or your hope that a conference at the present stage with the important neutrals present would either procure Hitler's acceptance of just terms of peace, or enforce such terms upon him if he were recalcitrant. Of the three great neutral Powers (apart from Japan), Russia and Italy would in such a conference pursue a purely cynical and self-centred policy, while the influence of the United States would be handicapped, as always, by their still strong isolationism. Indeed, it seems practically certain that they would only consent to be represented in a non-committal and observing capacity. As for the smaller neutrals, who could expect them (after their past experience of collective security) to guarantee any terms which would create the slightest risk of a future conflict with Germany or Russia—i.e. any terms at all ?

I gather that you would reply to this that, even if the hopes of the success of a conference are slender, we should at least be in no worse position after it had been held and failed. Here again I dissent from you and Mr. Lloyd George. A truce at the moment, with the blockade raised, would be a golden opportunity for the Nazis to replenish their resources, bewilder and divide public opinion in the Allied countries, separate England from France, and by all means fair and foul restore their diplomatic position.

That Mr. Lloyd George ignores all these difficulties and dangers is a ground for grave distrust of the motives of his campaign as well as of its probable effects. Far from laying the foundations of eternal peace, a conference at the present moment would probably result in a super-Munich, differing only from the previous Munich in its wider scope and more devastating effects on the position of the Western Powers, and also in the fact that Russia and possibly Italy would share the spoils with Hitler.

For the moment, and for once, I am with Colonel Blimp and the official Labour leaders and against the Left-wing intelligentsia, whose title is somewhat clouded by their present attitude.

DISSENTER

SIR,—May one inquire how world disarmament is to be one of our aims ? After defeating Germany how are we to disarm Italy, the U.S.S.R., Japan and the U.S.A. ? F. G. POOLEY

Crowborough.

SIR,—The most striking fact in the present political situation continues to be the complete failure of the public and its leaders, especially the leaders of the Left, to grasp the inner significance of current events and thus the kind of action for which they call. Mr. Churchill spoke of the enigma of Russia. The Labour Party is a greater enigma. Either it has misinterpreted the meaning of the Russo-German Pact, or it has decided to support the Government in an anti-Soviet as well as an anti-Nazi policy, which would be fatal.

In a previous letter I drew attention to the fundamental changes which were indicated by that Pact. Events since have confirmed my conclusion that it constitutes a major turning-point in European and probably world history. Not only on the Right, but to some extent on the Left also, the hope is still entertained that Russia can be drawn from her alliance with Germany into the imperial orbit of Britain and France. Such hopes are doomed to disappointment. Events are moving quickly, and already they forecast the approach of what may turn out to be the most momentous struggle in history, that between capitalist-imperialism and Collectivism for the control and future shaping of Europe.

On the day the Russo-German Pact was signed, the Balance of Power in Europe passed into the hands of Russia, and Russia is not likely to throw away that advantage. To retain it she must stand by Germany in all events. Were Russia to forsake Germany and ally herself with France and Britain, the Balance of Power would pass to Britain. So that is not likely to happen. Moreover, Britain has been Russia's most consistent enemy since the Revolution of 1917. Nor can Russia afford to see Germany defeated by Britain and France, since that would almost certainly involve the return of Big Business rule in Germany and bring that country under the control of the Allies. There are many indications that what the reactionary Governments of Britain and France are anticipating in Germany is a little revolution at the top, not a revolution from the bottom, the substitution, that is to say, of a capitalist-military Government, or even a monarchy for the Nazi regime. Were that to happen Soviet Russia would have to look out. Accordingly it may be concluded that if there is an upheaval in Germany Russia will have a hand in it. Moreover, in addition to the old Left, it should be noted that the powerful Nazi Youth organisations are permeated with the spirit of socialism, that is, with the idea that it is a greater thing to serve the State than self-interest.

The prospect we must face, therefore, is the creation of a vast National Socialist area stretching from the Rhine to the Pacific, with the exception of a few small patches, and thus a mighty conflict between imperialism and Socialism for the control of Europe.

What is Labour's attitude to this situation? Its choice is between (1) concentrating on the creation of Socialist Governments in Britain and France in order to co-operate with National Socialist Germany and Russia in reorganising the economic life of Europe, and (2) helping the Government to replace Hitler by a capitalist-military or even monarchist Government subservient to Britain and France, and thus to ensure a new lease of life to the policy that since 1914 has led the world step by step to increasing disorder and ruin. The latter policy can lead only to further disaster, since the verdict of the last century is that capitalism is incapable of practising the economics of abundance. Whereas the collectivism of National Socialist Germany and Russia does provide a basis for a scientific reorganisation on co-operative lines of the economic life of Europe.

The question of liberty, both as regards the Totalitarian States and the small States which in recent years have been deprived of their sovereignty, can only be settled after the problem of economic security for the whole of Europe has been solved. Just as economic crises which a decaying capitalism has necessitated have caused the loss of liberty in countries like Russia and Germany, in the Colonial Empires, and latterly in small and militarily weak countries, so the removal of the evils and disabilities which have caused these crises is the inevitable condition of the return of liberty generally. As Lenin once said, abundance is the gateway to a classless and stateless society.

In this connection the Labour Party should bear in mind that in the economic conditions which will follow a prolonged war, only a miracle, which is highly improbable, will be able to prevent the establishment of a totalitarian regime in this country, while the greater the eagerness of British Labour to overthrow Nazism in Germany, the greater will be the certainty of its prototype emerging here.

In the present situation it seems to me that the following are the immediate steps to be taken *en route* to a peaceful and stable world:

(1) To seize the earliest moment to set up a European Conference to grapple with the economic problems arising out of the evils of capitalist-imperialism, in the recognition that an economic settlement must precede a solution of the problem of liberty and sovereignty.

(2) To concentrate on securing Socialist Governments in Britain and France as an essential condition of the economic and territorial reorganisation of Europe on a socialist-co-operative basis.

(3) To use every means to show the Right, especially, that the era of capitalism is drawing to its close; that capitalism cannot exist much longer without the aid of totalitarianism, which in turn cannot provide more than a temporary escape from socialism, and thus that by accepting socialism via democracy it will serve its best interests and save itself and the entire community from the horrors of totalitarianism.

It is of the profoundest importance to recognise that the peace and stability of Europe rests upon its socialisation, and that this cannot be achieved if capitalist-imperialism is permitted to come out of the present struggle triumphant. The alternative, co-operation with the totalitarian States, must therefore be accepted, notwithstanding the distasteful elements in these regimes. If Britain is to be saved for democracy and Europe won for socialism and co-operation, this war must be stopped, and Labour can stop it.

WILFRED WELLOCK

THE DEBATE ON LIBERTY

SIR,—No doubt you will be recording the notable victory for British liberties scored in last night's debate on the Emergency Powers Regulations. It was indeed a signal instance of the value of parliamentary institutions even in wartime. But perhaps you will allow a silent observer on the Opposition side of the House to protest against one feature in that debate.

The Home Secretary's reply covered a period of one hour and twenty-two minutes. He was practically the only speaker who represented throughout the Government's case. He was interrupted, according to Hansard, forty-eight times, four or five speakers taking part in some of the interruptions. Nine points of order were raised, to most of which the Deputy-Speaker rightly replied, "That is not a point of order." The interruptions taken together occupied considerably more space in Hansard than the speech. But Hansard does not record the running fire of mutters and calls which made even the nominally uninterrupted portions of the speech difficult to follow.

No Minister, however experienced, can do himself justice when exposed to such continual interruptions. The Home Secretary kept his temper admirably and no doubt made the best of his bad case. But his opponents surely chose a strange way of demonstrating their belief in British liberties, of which freedom of speech is one of the chief. I ought to say that these criticisms do not apply to the principal exponents of the Opposition case—Mr. Dingle Foot, Mr. Kingsley Griffith and Mr. Herbert Morrison—all of whom and a few others interrupted, when they did interrupt, reasonably and relevantly. But it seems a pity that the Labour leaders did not manage to restrain their more excitable followers. I did not see them try, but that may have been owing to my bad eyesight. If my sympathies had been with the Government, I might have enjoyed the irony of it all. But sharing passionately as I did the views of the Opposition, I listened with a growing sense of discomfort and disgust. I should be tempted to describe the temper shown by some of the interrupters as "un-British and unsportsmanlike" if I did not remember that one of the favourite British sports consists in the hunting of one fleeing animal by a pack of hounds.

ELEANOR I. RATHBONE

House of Commons, S.W.1.

WHAT DID THEY DIE FOR?

SIR,—Seldom can a reviewer have failed to understand a man or a cause so thoroughly as Mr. Coventry has failed to understand David Guest and the cause for which he died. Were Guest alive, Mr. Coventry implies that he could not but have felt his rightful place to be in the British Army, and in that case his Party would have disowned him, and he would have been a disillusioned man, so perhaps it is better for him that he died.

Many members of the Communist Party who fought in Spain did return alive, and there were some of these who, shortly before the outbreak of the war, applied for enrolment in H.M. Forces, but, as Mr. Coventry may have forgotten, their application was

not received with favour. This may have been because they had made themselves conspicuous as fighters against Fascism and this war, as we have been repeatedly told, is a war against Hitlerism, and any suggestion of anti-Fascism would be very offensive to our friends Mussolini and Franco. Or it may be that the men who fought in Spain fought not merely against something but for something. They fought, among other things, for the right of a soldier's children to food and clothing. And this is the essential point that Mr. Coventry has missed. A brave and thoughtful man demands that he shall give his life not merely against but for something. A brave man may be ready to die for the truth but not merely against a lie, because lies are many and various, and many a man has taken up arms to defeat one lie only to find himself fighting in support of another.

David Guest did not only fight against Fascism; he fought for the Spanish Republic and all that it stood for. Were he alive Mr. Coventry would call upon him to fight now with the forces of his own country for—perhaps Mr. Coventry will tell us for what. In fact one can almost hear the words "freedom, democracy, the rights of small nations and the absence of all selfish ambitions on the part of Great Britain," come trippingly to Mr. Coventry's tongue. To which David Guest's fellow Brigaders, who may be supposed to have known his mind at least as accurately as Mr. Coventry, reply: "Ay, springes to catch woodcocks."

BEATRICE COX

HOW TO MEET INDIA

SIR,—You back up your proposal, to place Indians on the Viceregal Council, by the argument that Indians can be trusted to rule Bengal sanely. That argument does not hold good. To begin with, Delhi would never admit it to be relevant, as the Bengal Ministry is predominately Mahommedan. Secondly, that Ministry has hamstrung the work of the Selection Boards; for it has indulged in nepotism and insists that a full half of all posts be given to the Mahommedan community, in spite of educational backwardness. Consequently, key medical posts, for example, are held by men with inadequate qualifications. Now these are just the abuses which enlightened members of the I.C.S. most dread, and which make it so hard for the older men, who care for India and have pride in their work, to see power pass from their hands. Of the Congress Ministries I know much less, but the party has shown itself incapable of learning from American experience and is guilty of one great folly. I mean prohibition, of course: prohibition in a country where Congress has undermined respect for law, where money is lacking for the most vital social reforms, where any peasant can supply himself with drink by just hanging a pot against a cut in a toddy palm, in parts of India the commonest tree.

I write only to show how easy it is to argue falsely about India, and that this paper's policy needs both great faith and great courage. Actually I agree that Indians ought to be put on the Council, but I agree because the history of parliamentary government has shown that representation without responsibility is one long warfare between parliament and executive. I also agree with Gladstone: "It is liberty alone that makes men fit for liberty."

F. M. SACHSE

29 Whitelands Road,
High Wycombe.

THE HONOUR AND DIGNITY OF THE FREE MIND

SIR,—In a footnote to the magnificently provocative speech which the outbreak of war prevented Mr. H. G. Wells from delivering to an international congress of the P.E.N. Club in Stockholm, he makes a statement that is somewhat misleading. "They," he says, meaning the members of the French P.E.N., "cease to be independent for the duration." This may be in the nature of true prophesy; but it is only fair to our Centre in Paris to say that so far it has not declared what its policy is in the present situation. Perhaps it was I who misled Mr. Wells when I called his attention to a manifesto on the war issued by a very prominent member of the French P.E.N. That manifesto, however, so far from expressing the views of the members of the French P.E.N. Club, was issued without their knowledge. I hope that for once Mr. Wells's gift of prophesy has failed him.

HERMON OULD,
International Sec.

The P.E.N.,
11 Gower Street,
London, W.C.1.

BOXING AND COXING

SIR,—Critic's London Diary is one of the most stimulating features of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, often by pungent implication full of instruction. Since I value his weekly article I feel bound to point out that its concluding paragraph this week contains a use of evidence which is unjustified. That he should tilt at the intolerant insularity of the house system in public schools is justifiable and salutary, though a little inquiry would soon reveal that in its worst form it is no longer common. Still its exclusiveness has been and to some extent continues to be an evil, of which most schoolmasters are well aware. But to pick upon a quotation from the *Times*, out of its context, and already somewhat distorted, in which the arrangements of a particular school at a time of crisis are discussed, as a starting point for the most legitimate of hits at a general system is to lay oneself open to a charge of prejudice. It is of course unnecessary to refute any suggestion of a conscious attempt at segregation on the part of the two authorities at Shrewsbury, and Critic never intended to make it. The practical difficulties of arranging a full timetable for work and play for two separate schools would be negligible if classroom, assembly and playing field accommodation could be expanded at will. As it is the arrangement criticised allows of an almost undisturbed routine of work and play by both schools. Where accommodation allows—in concerts, societies and so forth—intermingling is the rule. An extension of such intercourse would be welcomed on both sides, but, as it is, "boxing and coxing" is a small price to pay for the continuation of educational services which in so many receiving areas have suffered immeasurable dislocation.

P. G. MASON

Cheltenham College,
The Schools, Shrewsbury.

[Critic refers to this correspondence in this week's London Diary. —ED., *N.S. & N.*]

WAGES *v.* PRICES

SIR—We are told officially that the cost of living has risen 10 per cent. since the outbreak of war and simultaneously that miners, railwaymen, cotton-spinners and farm labourers—nearly 2,000,000 altogether—are to receive wage increases amounting to £10,000,000 a year.

This points to the danger of a repetition of an evil which persisted throughout the last war—the vicious spiral of wages chasing prices and prices chasing wages.

The Prime Minister promised that the cost of living would not rise abnormally. Ten per cent. in six weeks on essential commodities comes, however, as a cruel impost on the very poor.

Would it not be more economic and more just to keep down the prices of the necessities of life, even to the point of subsidising certain articles of food, rather than incur periodical demands for higher wages, accompanied by inevitable bitterness of feeling?

Such a course would benefit *all* wage-earners, as well as the aged poor, and not only those favoured ones in skilled and semi-skilled occupations, who are able to put pressure on the Government. Any increase of wages to workers in specified trades, unless granted also to labour as a whole, actually depresses still further the poorer brethren of the beneficiaries, inasmuch as prices generally are bound to soar to meet the extra cost involved to employers.

I write, sir, as an old-age pensioner, now living on the starvation borderline. Before the War Budget I was, however, able to "squeeze" an ounce of tobacco and a Sunday newspaper each week—my only luxuries. They have, perforce, had to be abandoned. I have not visited a picture palace for six years and I am not the possessor of a wireless set. Consequently, my only means now of obtaining news is from the newspaper placards and from such journals as I may occasionally pick up. Truly, "a life in darkness" mentally and physically!

Is there any hope, sir, that Parliament will consider the dire straits of the Old-Age Pensioner? Rent, food, fuel, washing and everything to be met out of ten shillings a week! I am comparatively fortunate in that I am allowed a further half-crown from another source. Even with that, it is rent that beats me

The late Lord Rowton set a practical example by sleeping for six months, each night, in his London home on one of the standard beds which he installed in all his "Poor Man's Hotels" *to find out whether they were comfortable.* Let Mr. Chamberlain try life, for just one month, on ten shillings a week, *to find out whether it is comfortable.* In so doing, he would dispel a very prevalent, but possibly a mistaken, belief that "the short and simple annals of the poor" make little or no appeal to him.

OLD-AGE PENSIONER

Current Literature

THE TOP DRAWER BUT ONE

Mrs. Miniver. By JAN STRUTHER. *Chatto and Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A WORKING-CLASS man I know—he grew up in a Gloucestershire village, and he has told me of the reactions of the villagers there to the parson thirty years back. The parson was not disliked, he was a kindly, friendly fellow, who had the right word for every occasion. But when the right word was spoken and he passed out of earshot, swinging his stick and looking right and left at the sky, the villagers came into their own for a moment, and used foul language about him. They just had to, to clear their chests and to get rid of their feeling of incompetence. To preserve their manhood and their self-respect, they had to splutter a little smut.

Mrs. Miniver, the gifted heroine of these sketches, invites a similar reaction. She, too, has the right word for every occasion. What answer can the villagers make to a lady who is so amusing, clever, observant, broad-minded, shrewd, demure, Bohemian, happily-married, triply-childrened, public-spirited and at all times such a lady? No answer, no answer at all. They listen to her saying the right things, and are dumb. They watch her doing the right things in the right way, and are paralysed. Even if they disgrace themselves by spluttering smut in her hearing, she is not put out, for the class to which she and the parson belong has grown an extra thickness of skin in the last thirty years. "Touchée!" she would exclaim, with her little ringing laugh, and pass on untouched. She is too wonderful with the villagers, she has them completely taped. Taximen, too. One day she overhears two ridiculous fat, bottled-nosed taximen talking about the subconscious self. She takes the absurdity back to her husband, whose sense of humour coincides with her own, and if the taximen had turned the tables and ridiculed *her* she would have taken that back, too. She has learnt the defensive value of honesty, which was unknown to her immediate forebears, and consequently nothing short of physical violence can ever do her in. Even when the Highlanders take off their trousers at the Games she is not disconcerted; it is the governess who looks the other way. And she writes so well, knowing just where to place each word. And she has delighted thousands upon thousands of readers of the *Times* and been the subject of two *Times* leaders and of innumerable letters to the *Times* calling her charming, and she has been a clue in *Times* cross-word puzzles. Why do a few of us stand glum by the roadside as the gallant little pageant passes? Is it not just our own silly jealousy that prevents us from following in her train?

Perhaps. But there is another possibility, which is more interesting to examine. It concerns the odd social fabric of these islands. Mrs. Miniver is beyond doubt a lady. But she is equally certainly not an aristocrat. Although her name is vaguely heraldic and her son at Eton and her brother-in-law the McQuern of Quern, she comes out of the top-drawer but one. She thinks she is in the top drawer of all, and that her good behaviour is the best kind of behaviour. It may be morally the best. But socially—no, and her quiet assurance that she is socially "it" becomes rather trying. There is something the little lady has not got—some grace or grandeur, some fierce eccentricity, some sense of ancient lineage or broad acres lost through dissipation, something which makes patronage acceptable, even if it hurries the patron to the guillotine. She may be able to give chapter and verse for a distinguished ancestry, but distinction does not course in her blood. She has her own style, but she has not Style. Look at her treatment of Poverty. She and her husband are poorish and not ashamed of it, which is very nice of them, but a fatal error for those who wish to seem always in the right. Her shabby old car, her unsnobbishness in living only in Kent, are deftly exploited, and serve to snub another lady who has smarter cars and lives in Gloucestershire. But dinginess is a dangerous weapon. It may break in the hand if used carelessly. She assumes that it will work in the social sphere as effectively as it does in the humorous and the moral, and that she can create the atmosphere of Madame de Sevigné by behaving like Mrs. Carlyle.

That—so far as one put one's finger upon an elusive spot—is the trouble with Mrs. Miniver and with the class to which she and most of us belong, the class which strangled the aristocracy in the nineteenth century, and has been haunted ever since by the ghost of its victim. It is a class of tradesmen and professional men and little Government officials, and it has come into power consequent on the Industrial Revolution and Reform Bills and the Death Duties. But it has never been able to build itself an appropriate home, and when it asserts that an Englishman's home is his castle, it reveals the precise nature of its failure. We who belong to it still copy the past. The castles and the great mansions are gone, we have to live in semi-detached villas instead, they are all we can afford, but let us at all events retain a Tradesman's Entrance. The Servants' Hall has gone; let the area-basement take its place. The servants themselves are going; Mrs. Miniver had four, to be sure, but many a suburban mistress batters the registry offices in vain. The servants are unobtainable, yet we still say, "How like a servant!" when we want to feel superior and safe. Our minds still hanker after the feudal stronghold which we condemned as uninhabitable.

This is not a great tragedy, according to present standards of sadness. Something much worse than middle-class complacency and facetiousness has got loose in the world to-day. But it is worth noting, and the working classes sometimes note it for themselves, and let out a hoot. They have something which the middle classes have not and the aristocracy once had; spontaneity, natural gaiety, recklessness. They are losing it, for their betters have insisted upon their being insured, and insurance always has a soddening effect upon the spirits. But they retain enough of it to miss the point of the jokes in *Punch*, and to make rude noises when moral worth dons a plumed hat and masquerades as social distinction. There is a natural sympathy between the top drawer and the bottom. The "castle" and the "hovel" have understood one another, and have even approximated in type. Those who had everything have felt easy in the presence of those who had nothing; and *vice versa*. A society constituted thus was not just and could not be permanent, but in the intervals of persecution and rebellion there was a harmony in the fabric of England which has been lost. The top drawer has now gone. The bottom drawer is being reorganised and dusted out. The top drawer but one makes its little jokes and imposes its whimsies and ideals as if nothing else was obtainable. And certainly there are worse things. But there are other things.

People still go on studying the English National Character—there was a carefully documented survey of it the other day by Mr. Rom Landau. And Mrs. Miniver furnishes useful material. But the world moves so fast under the relentless lash of science that national characteristics are not likely to be of much importance in the future. They have a factitious value, especially in wartime, because they are exploited by rival governmental gangs, but the forces that form human nature have moved elsewhere.

Just as Gloucestershire and Kent have become alike, so will England, Germany, Russia, and Japan become alike. Internationalism, unavowed or avowed, is a cert. Bloodstained or peaceful, it is coming. As it looms on the Eastern horizon, the little differences of the past lose their colour, and the carefully explored English temperament seems in particular scarcely worth the bother that has been taken over interpreting it.

E. M. FORSTER

POSTING TO NEUTRAL COUNTRIES. War-time regulations require that newspapers addressed to individuals in neutral countries must be forwarded by the publishers or through a newsagent who possesses the necessary permit.

NEW NOVELS

The Green Tree and the Dry. By MORCHARD BISHOP. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Wickford Point. By JOHN MARQUAND. *Robert Hale.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Let Me Go Back. By WINIFRED PECK. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Temple of Costly Experience. By DANIELE VARE. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Olympic Discus. By JAN PARANDOWSKI. *Minerva.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

What is a reviewer to say when faced with a batch of thoroughly dull novels? The conscientious critics of the national press crowd infinite boredom in a single column, and briefly outline the plots of a dozen books, say "brilliant," and pass on to the next. Another, less responsible school, abandon at once duty and discretion, and, like the beaver biting off his stones to placate the hunter, escape the necessity of criticising others by presenting instead some creative work of their own. The third class, more virtuous than either, remember that every particular contains a generalisation, and that even the worst of novels may suggest some profitable train of thought. How far, for example, does the merit of a piece of fiction depend on the personalities of its characters? Great novels are by no means invariably about admirable people: against Tom Jones and the fundamentally likeable Emma must be set bores like Madame Bovary and tiresome conditioned reflexes like Lady Chatterly and her John Thomas. But with all their faults such figures are seldom irritating; they are Albert Memorials of their vices, so vast and luxuriant that their very pettinesses acquire a certain grandiosity. This is the case with great fiction; a minor novelist finds himself in a more difficult position. Suppose he describes a group of middle-class, middle-brow people, who talk in the stilted, inexpressive slang of their ephemeral caste, undergo no material adventures, and feel no passions save those of introspective, conventional, romantic love? To be "convincing" has become the writers' ambition; but a convincing picture of colourless types is of little more interest than an accurate text of a worthless manuscript. Unless such a novelist is an artist as well as a craftsman, and can select as well as describe, his characters will bore and irritate the reader as much as would their living originals. And Boredom, unfortunately, is the only passion that can never provide a catharsis.

Both Mr. Bishop and Mr. Marquand have let their honesty run away with their competence, and produced novels that are technically praiseworthy but moderately unreadable. *The Green Tree and the Dry* is about two pairs of lovers, separated in everything but a common platitudinousness. The green pair live in the London of 1924, when youth believed in the League, the Labour Party and the sacramental qualities of chemical contraceptives, and Bertrand Russell had the aphrodisiac effect that a coarser generation had sought in Swinburne. There is a highbrow young woman who talks incessantly about love in the schoolboy jargon of the time ("Oh Christ, I'm making such a damn sight of myself and I don't care; you're so sweet to me, old boy, it makes me howl," alternating with "we've both more or less touched the quintessence of the relationship and we've seen that we must be absolutely fearless about our approximations to other people," etc., etc.), is fond of quoting Aquinas, and is always liable to take off her dress as a passionless gesture of mutual trust. Her young man is appropriate, and their frail, hopeless love for each other is supposed to be as pathetic as a sincere Liberal at a disarmament conference. Mr. Bishop is highly observant, and has given a true-to-life picture of people trying to be true to literature. It might have been a scathing satire, but the author is coy instead of corrosive, and in his quest for period colour has clearly read too little Huxley and too much Denis Mackail. This is the green tree; the dry one is a minor-county engagement fifteen years later, with Venus taking tea in an over-furnished drawing room instead of rolling on the divan of a Bloomsbury bed-sitting room. But the intended contrast fails to succeed—we have not left the Spring for the Winter, but merely exchanged one sterility for another. *The Green Tree and the Dry* is written with some skill, and whenever the lovers stop talking realistically they are pleasant and almost moving. The post-war elysium, however, is too near at hand to seem romantic; instead of having a patina it still appears patently shop-soiled. Age, no doubt, will give the 1920's a spurious viridity, and the passage of a century may lend these silly lovers a quaint and nostalgic pathos. At present they are too lifelike to be anything but a bore, and even Mr. Bishop's considerable abilities cannot make them seem otherwise.

NEW STATESMAN PAMPHLET

War Aims

by G. D. H. COLE

56 pages. Sixpence. Out To-day

"If the man in the street is asked why Great Britain went to war with Nazi Germany, he will probably answer 'To stop Hitler.'" Mr. Cole begins his pamphlet with these words and goes on to explain why 'stopping Hitler' is not enough as a definition of Allied War Aims, especially since Stalin's intervention makes it seem possible that our Government might find itself committed to try 'stopping Stalin' as well. After a discussion of the disastrous errors of policy which have led up to the present situation, the pamphlet proceeds to a careful consideration of the attitude and policy of the Soviet Union, and of the chances of various kinds of revolution in Germany itself. The possibilities of a revolution made by the Army leaders, of 'Brown Bolshevism,' and of a democratic Socialist Revolution in Germany are considered in turn; and the conclusion is drawn that the only real chance of sustained peace in Europe lies in the victory of the democratic forces inside Germany, and that accordingly to help this kind of German Revolution should be the principal objective of British and French policy.

The latter half of the pamphlet is concerned with the conditions of a durable European settlement. Mr. Cole comes down on the side of a system of European Federation, based on close economic collaboration and a complete pooling of colonial possessions under an international authority. The economic requirements of such a federation are carefully considered, and also its relation to America and the Far East and the Soviet Union.

Throughout, the author argues strongly that if we are to win a victory for democracy we must wage war by democratic methods, both internationally and in our internal affairs. Rejecting Hitler's 'peace offer' as providing no possible foundation for a durable peace, he nevertheless urges that we should be prepared to negotiate, provided negotiations are conducted openly and neutrals as well as belligerents take part in them. Finally, he calls for a clear declaration of Allied War Aims in order to prove to the doubters at home and, what is even more important, to the German people that the war is being fought not for British imperialism or the preservation of the 'balance of power,' but for a real and lasting settlement in which all the peoples of Europe will be enabled to co-operate on equal terms.

At all bookstalls and newsagents or from the publishers

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

The trouble with Mr. Marquand is that he is snobbish about intellect but allergic to intellectuals. We are continually assured that all the characters in *Wickford Point* are persons of outstanding brilliance and culture, as they prove by writing six-figure best-sellers and making ten thousand a year in part-time advertising work. At the same time they are not sterile highbrows, but real live human beings who talk tough, think tougher and spend their time mending doors, driving cars and ragging an awful fellow who likes old pewter and has a library of "old leather volumes, carefully oiled." (The contents of the books are not indicated; the bindings give him away.) *Wickford Point* is the Choice of the *Daily Mail*, a Recommendation of the Book Society, and has been very favourably reviewed, while its author is a Pulitzer prizewinner. Actually, it is one of the worst-written books, in a quiet way, that I have ever read. Here is a paragraph, taken, quite honestly, at random:

> My car was in a shed beside the barn. A heat wave shimmered from the twisted shingles of the barn roof and the building needed a coat of paint. A pair of swallows darted from the shed with low, resentful squeaks. They must have thought the car would be there all day, presumably for their personal use. When I pressed the starter the engine turned, but nothing happened. A glance at the gasoline gauge told me why.

What is the relation between the two halves of the second sentence? Why must we have the pathetic fallacy in the third and fourth? Why not say "There wasn't any petrol" instead of the tiresome inversion? Why mention the barn, the shed, the swallows, the car or the gasoline? None of them have any bearing on character, scene or plot, and we leave them all immediately afterwards. Detail, like patriotism, is not enough; there must be something worth being detailed about. Like many other novels, *Wickford Point* provides its own best commentary:

> I leant back in the kitchen chair and watched the flies buzzing about the sink. The kettle on the stove simmered. Life was going on at Wickford Point, moving slowly in the summer heat, a strange, unworldly life. It seemed to have no end and no beginning. Nothing was ever right and nothing was ever wrong.

Something was usually wrong.

Let Me Go Back is about a Walpole cathedral city inhabited by Galsworthy families and stirred by a Conan Doyle (last period) miracle. The Dean's wife has an operation, is "dead" for some minutes, and wakes up with a sadly commonplace dream of the next world that rather improbably busts the Close wide open, and makes her Communist son abandon his literary ambitions and read for the Bar after all. Lady Peck has an easy style, moves gracefully through the upper stories of the subconscious, and will probably appeal to the type of person her novel describes. But she has been too restrained to make very much of her plot: it is hard to believe that such a very small revelation would have caused such a great deal of talk.

Signor Varè was Italian Minister in China, and *The Temple of Costly Experience* has the Sino-Italianate charm that distinguished its two predecessors. Signor Varè's secret is to be at once elusive and painstakingly exact; he can recount a fantastic incident—such as an invitation, in the heart of China, to a perfect dinner from a perfect and invisible stranger whose card was inscribed "Henri de Valois, Palais Royal, Paris"—in which dream and experience are inextricably woven, and yet present its minor details with the epigrammatic precision of a Chinese poem. Although he is a man of sentiment, he has an eye for a good idea, and a romantic impression of a beautiful youth may alternate with the (to me) original theory that "it was the advent and the influence of Buddhism, with its numerous monasteries and its celibate lamas, that checked the increase of population in the northern Asiatic plateaux and put an end to the sporadic irruptions of Mongol hordes eastward into Europe itself." Without claiming for it any absolute merit, it is safe to say that *The Temple of Costly Experience* and its companions have a genuine though slight distinction.

Mr. Parandowski is Chairman of the Polish section of the P.E.N. Club, which gives his historical novel a certain historical interest. *The Olympic Discus* is a dull, detailed, carefully rhapsodic narrative of the Olympic Games of 476 B.C. We watch the dusty arrival of the competitors, see them undergo the rigours of a ritualised training, and follow their eventual struggles for the crowning glory of wild olive. There is no attempt to create a plot, and, apart from a freak with individual ideas of training, the characters are distinguished only by their physical peculiarities. Is it good history? Well, there is no lust, no blood, and no mystery religion. For a modern historical novelist, Mr. Parandowski lacks the Licht touch.

JOHN MAIR

SIR AUSTEN

The Life and Letters of Sir Austen Chamberlain. By SIR CHARLES PETRIE. Vol. I. *Cassell.* 16s.

If Sir Austen Chamberlain was never a statesman of the first rank, he was always a man who commanded respect and affection. His supreme quality was a loyalty of heart which put first, in all circumstances, the cause that he served. He rarely, in speech or in policy, rose above the commonplace. He was, by nature, a faithful lieutenant whom fortunate circumstances elevated into the position of a commander in the field.

But his adult life was passed amid great events, and he deserved a better fate than that which his biographer has given him. The best comment on this book is supplied by a remark, quoted here, which he himself made about the life of Sir William Russell. "This book," he wrote, "seems to me less interesting than it ought to have been, yet I cannot quite say why." Sir Charles Petrie has padded it out to quite excessive length with all kinds of odds and ends that it was not worth while to reproduce. There are pages of dead speeches, pages of dead election addresses, dull accounts of Sir Austen's unimportant travels; there are long extracts of his views upon art and the books he read, dull letters from royalty, most of them wholly formal in content, and even duller accounts of his interviews with personalities in which there was no serious interchange of ideas. The historic background of the period does not appear to have much meaning for Sir Charles Petrie, with the result that he does not ever succeed in seeing Sir Austen effectively against its background. The book—especially in the light of Sir Austen's own semi-autobiography—could have been cut down to half its size without any loss.

Yet there are interesting things in the book. It throws some light on the controversies over Tariff Reform and Home Rule which will be of real interest to the historian. The letters exchanged with Lord Balfour upon the leadership of the Unionist party from 1906-11, are of value in estimating the influence of that enigmatic personality. There is a valuable memorandum from Mr. Lloyd George about the proposed, but abortive, coalition of 1911; one would like to know whether it was ever seen by Lord Oxford and, if so, what comments he had to make upon it. Over the naval issues of the pre-1914 period there is significant evidence that Lord Fisher was in communication with the Tory chiefs in flagrant disloyalty to the heads of the government he was serving. One or two stray gleams illuminate the Ulster crisis of 1913-14; though Sir Charles Petrie's attempt to make that sinister intriguer, Sir Henry Wilson, a peacemaker will not carry conviction to anyone who knows the rest of the available material. The trouble about the book is the mass of second-rate matter through which one has to plough one's way in order to get at the material of real importance. Sir Charles evidently cannot free himself from the obsession that a man who so narrowly missed the Premiership is, by definition, a two-volume man. That, almost by definition, Sir Austen never was. He was honourable, hard-working, devoted to his party. The vital documents apart, all that needs to be said about him could be amply said in a hundred pages. By the time Sir Charles Petrie has done his work, we shall have had nearly eight hundred, at least half of which will be of no real importance to anyone but his intimate friends. It is a pity that the task he has undertaken was not entrusted to someone with a better sense of proportion and more insight into the period. One does not cross a desert for the sake of an occasional oasis.

HAROLD J. LASKI

A ROYAL ROMANCE

Mrs. Fitzherbert. By SHANE LESLIE. *Burns Oates.* 15s.

The marriage of George IV and Mrs. Fitzherbert was one of those awkward state secrets that are common knowledge yet can never be divulged. Society treated them, during the periods they were living together, as a married couple, but whenever inquisitive M.P.s suggested that a ceremony had actually been performed, an eminent Whig statesman was always ready in his place to rise and deny it. At the time such official reticence was obligatory, as the marriage, although both illegal and invalid under the Royal Marriages Act, was sufficient under the Act of Settlement to deprive George IV of his right of accession to the throne: for Mrs. Fitzherbert was a Catholic. Furthermore, in the eyes of the Catholic Church George IV's subsequent marriage to Caroline was bigamy and Princess Charlotte a bastard like Queen Elizabeth.

MACMILLAN

HUGH WALPOLE'S

THE HERRIES CHRONICLE

This long, rich, fascinating romance comprises four novels: Rogue Herries, Judith Paris, The Fortress, and Vanessa. Of the first part (Rogue Herries) J. B. Priestley wrote: "The canvas is huge, but something is happening, there is movement, colour, life, in every square inch of it. There is not one tired, listless page. The tale is bewilderingly opulent: the mountains stand up in the sun, mist and rain; crowds gather to hoot and yell or to eat and drink and tumble one another; characters by the score come and go, and nearly all of them leap to the eye at once. The business of an artist is to achieve something large, positive, vital, to bring something fine into the world that was not there before. Mr. Walpole with his grand impetuosity, his knowledge of men and books, his eye for a vivid scene, his command of those moments when life seems strangely grotesque or unbearably crude, has done this and he should be honoured for it."

1,500 pages — 8/6

FLIGHT FROM A LADY — A. G. Macdonell

It was "Flight From a Lady" that sent the hero of Mr. Macdonell's scintillating new book speeding eastwards by air until he reached the Dutch East Indies. The story of his escape from *the lady* is unfolded as different lands race away from under the wings of his flight. Rarely has a picture of travel mixed with romance been so originally and memorably drawn. 7s. 6d.

A REGENCY CHAPTER — Ethel Colburn Mayne

The story of Lady Bessborough and Her Friendships.

*Recommended by the Book Society.

**Sir John Squire: "First rate . . . even in these stormy times there is bound to be a good public for it."

***Dorothy Margaret Stuart (author of THE DAUGHTERS OF GEORGE III): "She has a sense of humour and a sense of colour—two essential qualities of the good biographer." *Illustrated.* 16s

WAS IT YESTERDAY? — David Horner

By the author of "Through French Windows."

The scene is a seaside town on the south coast of England with scenes aside in a Normandy village, in the spacious days before the Great War. You will delight in the company of Miss Floud, Miss Hackbridge, Mr. Higgs, the Bookseller, Mr. Jordan, Mr. Newman, Napper, and the other eccentrics of Frittlesea who for a few golden years gave life meaning to a small boy. 8s. 6d.

URCHIN MOOR — Naomi Royde Smith

Recommended by the Book Society.

"Urchin Moor" has the ease, limpidity, charm, the unforced humour, admirable descriptive passages, and all the insight into human nature which readers of such successes as "Jake," "For Us In The Dark," and "The Younger Venus," have learnt to expect from Miss Royde Smith. Urchin Moor is the story of a great house, Cardwell, and of the lives of an English family attached to it. 8s. 6d.

THE TWENTY YEARS' CRISIS — E. H. Carr

An introduction to the Study of International Relations. Throughout the past twenty years international affairs have, with a few brief intermissions, been traversing a period of permanent crisis. This book is an attempt to diagnose the underlying causes of the crisis. 10s. 6d.

MACMILLAN

After the death of the protagonists—Mrs. Fitzherbert lived to be 80—the need for secrecy disappeared. But by that time most of the vital documents had been destroyed; the Duke of Wellington spent a whole morning burning compromising correspondence in 1830, and nearly set the chimney on fire. However, enough remained for Wilkins to publish his two-volume *Mrs. Fitzherbert* and *George IV* in 1905. Further search by Mr. Shane Leslie has revealed the existence of still more biographical material in the Royal Library at Windsor and various family archives, and with the aid of these discoveries he has compiled this book.

Mr. Leslie's industry is admirable, but his arrangement and comment are inadequate—which he candidly admits—and tendentious. The religious repercussions of the royal romance direct his judgment, and one of his main purposes seems to be to remove any lingering aspersions that time and Whig statesmen may have left on a Catholic lady's morals. The admitted facts are by now so plain that no such emphasis is required.

The couple first met in 1783, when the Prince was 21 and Mrs. Fitzherbert 27, already twice married and twice widowed. She rebuffed his advances until July, 1784, when he dramatically stabbed himself in amorous despair and summoned her to his bedside. There he exacted from her a promise of marriage in the presence of the Duchess of Devonshire and put a ring on her finger. She chose to regard the promise as void and retired to the Continent, whither he was unable to pursue her except by correspondence. One of his gigantic love-letters survives and is printed as an Appendix to the present volume, page after page of urgent persuasion to her to return and go through a marriage ceremony, although he admits its hopeless illegality. His persuasion or *some* persuasion was effective; she returned and was married to him on December 15th, 1785 by the Rev. Robert Burt, a Church of England clergyman (who received £500 for his felony) in the presence of her brother and her uncle. The couple lived together happily enough for nine years, when the Prince left her for Lady Jersey. After his marriage to and separation from Caroline he lived with Mrs. Fitzherbert again as man and wife from 1800 to 1806, when he left her for Lady Hertford. Thenceforward they were content to remain friends at a distance. Throughout her life Mrs. Fitzherbert was a devout Catholic and in Catholic Communion. What part did the Catholic Church play in her consent to the marriage? Mr. Leslie does not find us any evidence on that interesting possibility; the secrets of the confessional are too well guarded to be committed to written documents. Catholic Emancipation was a prize worth gambling for; and repeal of the Royal Marriages Act, which was promised her as a future wedding present, would have made her *ex post facto* a legal consort at the back door of the Throne. Had George III stayed mad a few months longer in 1789, the Prince would have been Regent and might have redeemed his promise. That chance vanished with the King's recovery and Lady Jersey. But another chance came in 1800, when the Prince wished to resume relations with her; and the Pope by a special Brief authorised her cohabitation. This time George III inconveniently stayed sane until Lady Hertford restored the Protestant succession of mistresses. The Catholic Church certainly had no luck.

This valuable collection of historical material is casually published without any index. The author's promise of one for the future makes no amends for its lamentable absence in the present.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

THE CAPE OF "GOOD HOPE"?

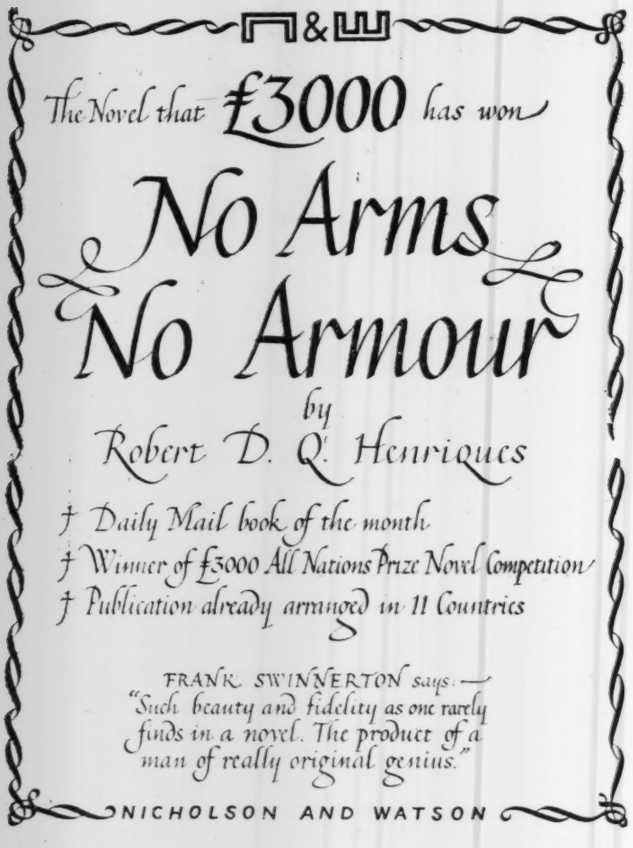
The Cape Coloured People, 1652-1937. By J. S. MARAIS. *Longmans.* 12s. 6d.

Here is a careful piece of South African scholarship which is not without its bearing on the topics of the moment. The actual themes are the history and prospects of the all but a million non-Bantu coloured inhabitants of South Africa, a mixed people of Hottentot, Negroid and Malay origins, with a dash of primitive Bushman, and a white strain which has prevailed out of its due proportion to give them a "culture" which is essentially European. But it is Dr. Marais's contention that fair treatment for all the dark-skinned peoples is impeded not by such economic causes as their competition with poor whites, but by the "attitude of mind" of the dominant Europeans. His country's rulers, he argues, have failed to take warning from India, which shows the cost in social degradation and backwardness of a caste system. "A Nazi-like doctrine of race and blood" now has them in thrall.

Historically, 150 years of extrusion and neglect of these "coloured" people were followed, after the laws of 1828 and 1833, by a century of freedom which was also a period of *laisser faire* almost indistinguishable from the former neglect. Following the modern fashion, Dr. Marais makes an interesting but inconclusive attempt to distinguish the characteristics of the various strains in their reaction to this treatment. At one point he seems to pronounce in favour of the so-called "Bastards"—those most conscious of their European ancestry—but at the end of a most sane and sympathetic study he is inclined to argue that the "discipline" of slavery was, in spite of slavery, the most civilising influence they encountered. A withering comment this on the alternatives offered, and a consideration weighing against any theory of "inherent" inferiority. The last ten years have of course seen *laisser faire* replaced by a statutory Colour Bar in industry and the restriction of "coloured" enterprise by the so-called "civilised" (i.e. white) labour policy, as well as the end of the Cape Native franchise. Writing perhaps too much under the shadow of triumphant reaction, Dr. Marais foresees only a harder set against the Coloured as against the Native peoples. It is his gloomy conclusion that "every inch yielded to the supporters of caste is ground irretrievably lost," and that the "Cape" tradition doubtfully holds in the Cape itself.

Dr. Marais' study arose out of a twelve-year-old book of my own, *The Cape Colour Question.* In some sense he designs it as a reply, but handsomely acknowledges that my "heresies" are justified, even if he is at pains to appear critical. As I understand him, my major error was to underestimate the overwhelming strength of South African prejudices. It may be so. But *magna est veritas*, and how shall truth prevail without a witness? There is, therefore, something gained when South African tradition is confuted, the hard fate of these Coloured People made clear, and the unwisdom of the present policy gently but firmly asserted by unquestionably South African authority. It is no trifle even that the "personal devil" of South African history is here exorcised—the "philanthropic" leader, Dr. John Philip, is almost for the first time cited without adjectival comment as a not necessarily mendacious witness, in fact as an ordinary mortal.

It is, in short, a phenomenon that the years of reaction have already called forth such a book. Race prejudice, in its present intensity, is a modern growth, thus brings its own corrective. There is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no reason to assume that the disease will be proof indefinitely against the slow sapping of truth. It has always seemed ominous that since the Union of 1910 we have heard only of the Cape *Province*, and that even the noble promontory which first earned a more famous name is now Cape *Point*. By the time Dr. Marais' sober truth has filtered through the next stage into the historical text-books we may have reason to speak again of the Cape of *Good Hope*.

W. M. MACMILLAN

A BORE TO END BORES

The March of Literature. By FORD MADOX FORD. *Allen and Unwin.* 16s.

This intimidating tome is a comprehensive review of the world's literature "from Confucius to Modern Times." What is its object? To whom did its late author address it? The only answer I can find to the latter question is: uneducated and only fairly intelligent Americans. It is the kind of book which will enable a young man in a hurry to mug up the subject, with a view to a pass degree. In this respect it resembles Gustave Lanson's *History of French Literature*, with the important reservation that the French professor's judgment was very much less erratic, and his erudition less suspect, than Ford's. Histories of literature, with their straining after comparisons and "tendencies," so as to give to their wholes some semblance of unity, are quite useless to intelligent students of the subject and a positive danger to those whose own judgment is weak and diffident. Books like this lie about the centuries like so many puddings gone cold and uneatable. Mr. Stephen Potter played football with them in *The Muse in Chains*, and one hopes that in future they will become increasingly rare.

Ford's view of the function of literature (expressed on p. 323) is roughly that of Walter Pater, though he seems to qualify it on a much later page, when he speaks of "the poet who, exactly observing the characteristics of his time, renders them with exactitude as did, say, Vogerweide, Dante, Heine or Villon." Art which aspires to the condition of music never does that, and the step is long from Dante to Mallarmé or Valéry, whom, incidentally, Ford does not even mention. Where he seems to me at his best is in the filling-in of dark gaps—the "dark" ages, or the nineteenth century in Spain. Information is always worth having; but one should beware, it seems to me, of Ford's expressions of opinion on writers of whom one has not read a word, simply because what he has to say of the others is often such as to make one fidget irritably in one's chair. For the fantastic shadow of Mr. Ezra Pound falls continually across these pages, and Ford follows him in the promulgation of enormous and paradoxical views. I append the following *sottisier*, chosen at random among 850 large pages:—

Villon (Mr. Pound's special pet) is described as among "the great and omniscient (*sic*) works of humanity," and later as "the greatest of the great poets" (where are Aeschylus, Shakespeare, Dante, Homer?).

Shakespeare was "the first Anglo-Saxon big business man"—on the strength of being an actor-manager!

Kleist's *Penthesilea* is bracketed with Klopstock's *Messias* for boring worthlessness.

Apart from Jane Austen there was no first-class English novel written in the nineteenth century—except perhaps *Framley Parsonage* and *Mary Barton* (the latter a charming book by Mrs. Gaskell—in case you've never heard of it).

Whistler is classed "amongst the giants of all time."

I Promessi Sposi (three pages are devoted to it) is considered preferable to all Scott, and Manzoni a much greater artist than Leopardi.

Ford "would die" for a list of books (eccentric enough in all conscience! p. 664) which includes that poor old stuffed dummy, *Lorna Doone*.

"If actually you want to find fine, nervous, expressive vernacular prose in the 1820's you must turn"—to Hazlitt? Not a bit of it! to "the *headlines* in the country newspapers in England and in the larger provincial towns in the United States" (italics mine).

Ibsen's plays are described, by allusion, as "nearly formless outpourings of passion" (formless!—*The Wild Duck*? *John Gabriel Borkman*?).

Finally, a prey to one of those brainstorms which sometimes attack overworked and flurried writers, Ford, like the last of the bathwater hurrying down the waste, plunges slap through the nineteenth century to the present day, carrying everything with him. It is a piece of distorted perspective which, for sheer wildness, leaves the German Expressionist painters far behind. It must be read to be believed (p. 790); suffice it here to say that the paragraph ends with a final gasp in which Balzac is given "the right to sit down beside the author of *Framley Parsonage*." Poor Trollope! I cannot believe that he would have cared for such gross adulation.

Ford's treatment of modern French literature is practically non-existent. Claudel, Valéry, Gide are not mentioned at all; Proust is dismissed in a single short sentence; and the only contemporary French writer of whom Ford will hear is M. René Béhaine, "a novelist as to whom far from only I (*sic*) have pledged their words that he is the greatest of living French writers."

Well, well! one lives and learns . . .

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DO BEST-SELLERS JUST HAPPEN?

Best-Sellers: Are They Born or Made? By GEORGE STEVENS and STANLEY UNWIN. *Allen and Unwin.* 5s.

A considerable amount of nonsense has been uttered and written about the vexatious problem of best-sellers. In my twenty-five years experience in publishing the only persons I have met who have dared to express themselves with confidence on the subject are authors who think they have written them. The authors of the book under review have very wisely ignored much of this controversy. Their approach to the problem is severely practical. The ifs and buts of why a book becomes a best-seller are disregarded in favour of an intimate and authoritative analysis of how a book achieves universal popularity. In this sense, the book is a revelation, for it proves beyond rational doubt that rarely, if ever, has a best-seller been born. Both Mr. Unwin and Mr. Stevens are gluttons for statistics but I am bound to admit that their documentary evidence in favour of the theory that most best-sellers are made is calculated to destroy the vanity of authors large and small. If our authors' case is substantially accurate—and I think it is—it follows that publishers, booksellers,

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DENT

reviewers, talkative book-lovers and even book publicity and advertising managers are the cream of the literary earth.

Mr. Stanley Unwin is concerned to reveal his well-considered views on book advertising in this country. He is a stubborn controversialist, but always a transparently fair one. Although he deplores excessive concentration of advertising in a section of the Sunday press, he does not fall into the absurd error of assuming that Sabbatarian advertising is the work of the devil. He merely insists, as a practical economist, that booksalesmanship covers a multitude of propagandist activities all of which are essential units in the complex mechanism of publishing. But in particular reference to the best-seller, Mr. Unwin's main contention is that when we are told that a book has sold well because it has been extensively advertised, the truth is that it has been extensively advertised because it has sold well. Mr. Unwin discloses the "inside" sales history of some of the best-sellers bearing his own firm's imprint. The evidence thus presented is illuminating. It reveals that in the making of a best-seller every advertising and publicity activity must be scientifically and economically co-ordinated and exploited.

Mr. George Stevens has selected a wider canvas for his penetrating study of how books become best-sellers in America. He, too, is an uncompromising heretic in the sense that practical experience has taught him that advertising alone has never yet produced a best-seller. The point that effective advertising accompanies sales instead of preceding sales is supported by a scientific examination of the sales histories of many American best-sellers, particularly *Anthony Adverse*. This book's rise from comparative obscurity to international fame provides indisputable evidence in support of the authors' main thesis that the term book-advertising must be widely interpreted to embrace every conceivable device of pre and post publication salesmanship.

Finally, this book contains an essay on "Authors and Advertising" by Mr. Frank Swinnerton. I fail to understand why Mr. Swinnerton is not given proper recognition on the title page, for certainly his contribution rounds off the argument most effectively. He reminds us, among other things, that we never notice advertisements until the things they advertise are familiar to us. Once we know a fact we find it constantly emphasised. Mr. Swinnerton sees the problem through the eyes of an experienced publisher and writes about it with the eloquence and elegance to be expected from his pen. CECIL PALMER

LADY BESSBOROUGH

A Regency Chapter. By ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE. *Macmillan.* 16*s.*

Lady Bessborough, irresistible in her lifetime, began a new career of conquest when a selection from her letters was published in 1916. But on the whole her posthumous admirers have been content to speak her praises to their particular friends. Suddenly this autumn two books about her have appeared, first *The Grand Whiggery*, and now *A Regency Chapter*. Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne's passionate interest in Lady Bessborough has one's warmest sympathy, and she is a very clever, experienced writer. Yet her book, one is obliged to admit, seems rather to lack a good *raison d'être*. *The Grand Whiggery* at least summarised conveniently information about a number of persons derived from a number of books; *A Regency Chapter* is no less empty of new material, and (except for a concluding chapter about Lady Caroline) is little more than a précis, with comments, of one book, *The Private Correspondence of Lord Granville Leveson Gower*. The truth is that a large semi-educated public needs to have its reading pre-digested, and *A Regency Chapter* is recommended by the Book Society. The pity is that a book of this type should have occupied the time of so distinguished a writer as Miss Colburn Mayne.

Of course, she has done the job much better than the ordinary authors of "popular" biography. Her comments are subtle and acute, as when she talks of "the special kind of sycophancy induced by a loved one's relatives." "Transient though this mostly is," she adds, "in the beginning few escape it." With some of her judgments one may disagree; thus she writes of Lady Elizabeth Foster that her face "proclaims in every line the crafty, calculating woman." Certainly she was calculating, but her face seems to me as conspicuous for charm as for sharpness, and I see why Gibbon called her "a bewitching animal." (No one could withstand her, he thought, and if she chose to beckon the Lord Chancellor from his woolsack, in full sight of the world, he could not resist obedience.) Again it is possible, even likely, that Georgiana Devonshire was in some ways insensitive, but this is not proved, I suggest, by her acceptance of the liaison between her husband and Lady Elizabeth. I am not sure Miss Mayne has got Granville quite right—those of us who adore Lady B. must find it hard to treat him justly. He was a coxcomb and, at the same time—strange mixture—a prig. But all his life he was deeply loved by many friends, and he must have had, beside his *beaux yeux*, endearing qualities that do not show in his letters.

I have been able to detect only one new fact in *A Regency Chapter*, a teasing reference to a letter from Lady Caroline to Byron, "a letter unprintable, even were permission given, as it is not, for reproduction," a letter "which reveals what might be called sexual sentimentality in a degree which must surely be abnormal."

In telling Lady Bessborough's story Miss Colburn Mayne has used her imagination not to invent but to understand. Her vivacious book ought to be widely enjoyed, and perhaps the interest it arouses may encourage the present Lords Bessborough and Granville to authorise a proper edition of the correspondence.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE LAW

These Meddlesome Attorneys. By EDWARD BELL. *Richards Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

There have not been many good books about solicitors with the exception of the late Mr. Christian's volumes. Sir John Hollams's book *The Jottings of an Old Solicitor* was dull; but the title at least described the contents of the book. There is no apparent reason for the title of this book and no very large portion of it concerns solicitors. There is one chapter about "Famous Solicitors" and another chapter about the "Presidents of The Law Society"; but there is much more about politicians, judges, and barristers. There is one vivid description of Disraeli; but most of the descriptions are not particularly good. Cunninghame Graham never looked like a "golliwog" and Freke Palmer was not at all like a "burly ecclesiastic."

Most of the "Strange Stories" in the eighteenth chapter are not very lucidly related and the author seems unaware of the reason why no capital sentence should be carried into effect until three Sundays have elapsed which was arranged not "to enable the criminal to have time for reflective repentance" but to make certain that no woman should be hanged when pregnant. The author complains that the publisher prevented him writing a longer book, but the last chapter on "The Future of the Law" might very well have been omitted. The author seems quite unaware of the public security obtained by the separation of judicature and executive as appears from his concluding remarks:

> It would seem constitutionally just and expedient that Ministers of the Crown, elected by the people, should not be hampered by a judicial autarchy which is not chosen by the public. There are substantial grounds why Ministers, who are removable at the discretion of the public, should have complete control over the administrative functions and duties of the departments which they direct and restrain in the interests of the community. The final and conclusive decision of a responsible Minister is a more expeditious and expedient way out than a series of judicial decisions to determine the fascinating question whether or not an administrative act be *ultra vires*.

It is regrettable that any former member of a profession which represents the rights of the individual citizen against an increasing bureaucratic tyranny should indulge in sentences like these and continue as follows:

> Free individuality as understood by present democratic ideas will die out; liberty will be nationalised under the orientation of a leader who must be manufactured into recognition by the nation he represents. If he be great, he will rule as Dictator and none will gainsay his authority.

The other suggestions in regard to the law are about as sensible as the above. The author's classical quotations are perhaps the best feature of the book. E. S. P. HAYNES

Morality and War. By GERALD VANN, O.P. *Burns Oates.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

This is a lucid summary of the Catholic attitude to war as defined by Theologians. Before a Catholic may take arms, he must satisfy himself on four points: that the civil authority which calls upon his services is justly established; that the cause for which he fights is the defence of justice; that the war is likely to do more good than harm; and that the means employed are "lawful and not intrinsically evil." Aerial bombardment, which entails the death of civilians, is not lawful, neither is the inculcation of hatred by propaganda. "An action, no

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By **J. Daniel Chamier,** who is informed and acute on everything from lipstick to casual labour, makes an enjoyable approach to the question of what we *do* hope for out of this war. With reservations, he is an optimist. *To-day* 12/6 *net*

One Day Telleth Another

A highly original book on time, stars and geography, their romance and lore; by **Stephen and Margaret Ionides.** Full of queer information and interesting illustrations. 10/6 *net*

The American Entente

Professor **R. B. Mowat's** survey of 150 years is very timely, showing just what parts have been played by sentiment and by practical political machinery. 7/6 *net*

Music in the Modern World

Rollo H. Myers, formerly of the B.C.C., discusses the aims of the contemporary composer, his relation to listener, community and state. 6/- *net*

Essays and Addresses

By Professor **Oliver Elton,** author of the *Surveys of English Literature;* ranging from Shakspeare and Byron, to Bridges, Chekhov and Capek. 7/6 *net*

Edward Arnold
Maddox St. London W.1

matter how good in itself, or how laudable the motive that prompts it, becomes bad if the means adopted to carry it out are evil." Fr. Vann does not attempt to apply these principles to the war now being waged—indeed, his book was written before the outbreak. But he evidently feels that intrinsically evil methods are certain to be used in modern war, and not by individuals but by the State. The Catholic is therefore obliged to choose between appearing to condone injustice and resisting injustice by unjust means. Fr. Vann makes it clear that this is a matter for the individual conscience, but one perceives that he inclines himself to the former alternative. "It may well seem tragically true that we should be obliged, at best, to say to ourselves: I feel armed resistance to be not a right but a duty; I want to fight; but I cannot fight with these weapons. I want to resist, but this is not what I mean by resistance. If that is so, then our lot will be hard indeed; but our loyalty to God, to Christian principles, comes first. We may not do evil that good may come. Christendom will re-create itself by Christian means, or it will perish completely."

Fr. Vann shows how highly complicated are the moral problems involved; he disentangles them with admirable lucidity and moderation. His book can be recommended as interesting and valuable to all thoughtful and conscientious persons, whatever their religious beliefs.

The Naked Nagas. By CHRISTOPH VON FÜRER-HAIMENDORF. *Methuen.* 15s.

It is arguable that such institutions as head-hunting and even perhaps, in its milder and less elaborate form, human sacrifice may play an extremely salutary part in the social existence of primitive peoples by canalising instincts that might otherwise be diverted into far more dangerous and, ultimately, more anti-social types of activity. Take, for instance, the character of the Naga tribes, who inhabit a tract of wild, mountainous, largely unexplored territory on the Assam-Burma frontier, as they are described by an Austrian anthropologist, Herr von Fürer-Haimendorf. The Nagas are still addicted, openly or surreptitiously, to the sport of ceremonial decapitation; decaying skull trophies still adorn their villages; but apart from this habit they would appear to be a singularly good-humoured and, indeed, an unusually enlightened race. Their life is neither idle nor excessively laborious; they are the victims of no deadening superstition; the social structure and sexual relationships of separate communities are regulated with the minimum of interference according to loosely defined but well-understood and generally well-kept rules. Village may war against village (though there is very little real vengefulness between warring communities) but the association between man and man remains on the whole strangely harmonious. Side by side with "a certain naive cruelty," there is evidence (writes the traveller) of "an amazing tactfulness. Rarely is anything mentioned before a man that he might find embarrassing. 'His mind would hurt' is the literal translation of the stereotyped explanation of such consideration. All Nagas are careful not to hurt the feelings of others, and often, when I worked with several informants, one of them would come to me afterwards and tell me that one of his friends had made a mistake, but that he had not wanted to contradict him in his presence, 'for his mind would have hurt.'" . . . To natural amiability, moreover, the Nagas add naturally beautiful bodies. Herr von Fürer-Haimendorf writes from a popular rather than from a scientific point of view—the results of his scientific researches have been published elsewhere; and the tone of his book is a trifle diffuse and journalistic; but it is redeemed by a series of splendid photographs. These sleek-skinned, almost naked maidens and warriors—to whose features high mongoloid cheek-bones and short straight noses, unaccompanied by any of the less attractive mongoloid traits, give a look of half Grecian half Chinese dignity—are some of the loveliest human animals one has ever seen. Naga ornaments—simple but charming tattoo-patterns and towering helmets of feathers and horns and tiger-claws—reveal the sense of style one would expect from their intelligent faces.

THIS VITAL SERVICE MUST GO ON

The work of the Life-Boat Service must still go on. During the War more calls for help than ever before will be made upon it. Life-boatmen will carry on their brave task in greatly increased difficulty and danger.

In this great struggle in which we are all now engaged, your contribution is more than ever needed. Send in yours today.

ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION
LIFE-BOAT HOUSE, BOREHAM WOOD, HERTS.
The EARL OF HARROWBY, Hon. Treasurer,
Lt.-Col. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

Sculpture Inside and Out. By MALVINA HOFFMAN. *George Allen and Unwin.* 15s.

It is the part devoted to Sculpture Inside that makes this a useful book. A pupil of Rodin and a sculptor famous in her native United States, Miss Hoffman is as efficient as Mrs. Beeton when dealing with the craftsmanship of her art. Her early section of critical generalities is less certain. An ecstatic veil bedizens but does not conceal the platitudes. The description of "the really great artist"—as a superman who has torn away the veils of life, a man who has listened to the song of the secret bird, and a giant who has wrestled with his soul, fought devils, and been on speaking terms with angels—is a remainder that proportion is not a needful element of statuary alone. The pronouncement that "The first basic principle of form was cosmic in its meaning," is a risky leap over the aesthetic hurdles. Perhaps the shade of Rodin is responsible; his chaotic romanticism tinges much of Miss Hoffman's ardour. But she gives a sharp-sighted glimpse of him in August, 1914, muttering that civilisation is a bad coat of paint which the first rain washes off. Her pictures of the old pseudo-titan in his studio, and of a visit to Brancusi, though over-toned, are vivid; for the author's strength lies in first-hand experience, and not in theory and in taste. This becomes especially evident when she turns to practice and tells the young sculptor how to build his studio, clean his tools, and actually do his job. This section has all the clarity and suppleness of good technical writing, illuminated with instances and not disdaining enthusiasm, as in the description of the shoulder-muscles that swing up from the body like the roots of a tree. The illustrations, excellent in choice and reproduction, cover their subject from Easter Island onwards.

Memoirs of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. *Putnams.* 15s.

There are some people whose personal insignificance gives them a considerable political importance. Such a person was Mrs. Galt, the widow of a Washington jeweller, who, within a year of the death of the President's first wife, became engaged to Woodrow Wilson. Not unexpectedly her memoirs have no literary distinction and are only of interest to historians because they unconsciously expose the amazing influence which the second Mrs. Wilson exerted on her husband. Before she met him, she admits that she had no interest in politics; but as soon as they were married, she saw to it that she was kept informed of all his doings and sat with him regularly in his study when he worked at night, helping him with his papers and apparently giving him advice. Mrs. Wilson has strong prejudices and does not disguise her dislike of Colonel House: according to her lights she was a loyal wife, and Woodrow Wilson was clearly devoted to her, but it is doubtful whether her influence on him was good. She adored the trimmings of fame and descriptions of visits to the Palaces of European monarchs fill many pages of these reminiscences. She can even remember and describe the dresses she wore on State occasions. But apart from such externals, she tells us little of interest about the President. Either her discretion is great or she understood nothing of what she heard and discussed. Significantly enough, her description of her early life in an old-fashioned Virginian home and of her first marriage is far more vivid than anything she writes about her second marriage. It was not her fault that she was suddenly removed from the world of affluent mediocrity in which she had lived with inconspicuous success, and forced to play a part for which she had neither the character nor the training.

BOOKS TO COME

Mr. Herbert Read has compiled an anthology for the times which should help us to clarify our dim conceptions of what we are fighting to maintain. *The English Vision*, due from Routledge on November 10th, is an attempt to present the English character through the minds of great English writers from Chaucer to the present day. Whilst this selection reveals a particular attitude in literature and the Fine Arts, in the forging of language, in attachment to a special kind of landscape and in the formation of institutions and philosophical ideals, it is not nationally prescribed.

Miss Jennie Lee's autobiography, *To-morrow is a New Day*, comes from the Cresset Press on November 13th. Her book is at once a protest against working-class living conditions, a criticism of the institutions (including the Labour Party) which permit them and an intimate picture of a Scottish mining community.

Two cheerful volumes are promised by Constable for November 7th and 14th respectively. The first, *The Strangest Places*, an account of personal experiences, is by Leonard Q. Ross who has visited dance-halls on Broadway where "hostesses" conduct their gold-digging operations with the gravest etiquette; the "fathers' room" at a maternity hospital; a huge cut-price clothing store on 17th Street; a funland at the corner of Broadway; Union Square; and Chinatown in company with a party of provincial tourists. There are illustrations by the *New Yorker* artist, George Price.

The second is a new Damon Runyon, *My Wife Ethel*. In these stories of the home life of Joe Turp, a modest citizen of Brooklyn, Mr. Runyon has abandoned the technique of *More Than Somewhat* and introduced a new "Turp" language, humour and construction.

Lin Yutang's young daughters, Adet and Anor Lin, have written a diary, "Our Family," which started as an exercise in English writing. Travellers to America and France, Italy and England, they draw youthfully illuminating contrasts between the China they remember and the countries of the West. Their journal reveals the traditional pattern of Chinese family life. Illustrated by the authors, it is coming from Cape on November 10th.

This is a Chinese week. *Chinese Hunter*, by J. Wong-Quincey, Professor of Literature, which is due from Hale on November 6th, has an introduction by Lin Yutang. Its subject is big-game hunting presented from an unusual point of view. Professor Wong-Quincey is the last descendant of the Wong Princes, leaders of the Taiping Rebellion against the Manchu Emperors. After the massacre of the Princes, the author's father, then a child, was found wandering on the scene of the atrocities by General Gordon, adopted by him and sent to an English public school. Professor Wong-Quincey was also educated in England.

In his new travel-book, *Escape with Me* (Macmillan, November 7th), Mr. Osbert Sitwell also takes the reader to China and Indo-China. Mr. Sitwell is interested not in politics but in the basic civilisation of the countries he visits. He writes of the daily life of the citizens of Peking, of the lost city of Angkhor and of people encountered on his journey.

Two American residents in this country, E. and A. Löhrke, who have spent the last three years in a Sussex farmhouse, have written an analysis of the English reaction to the September crisis of 1938. Under the title, *Night Over England*, it will be published by Putnam on November 6th.

A life of Einstein which lays stress on his personality and humanist activities will be published by Cassell on November 9th. The author, H. Gordon Garbedian, has attempted a summary of the theory of relativity in two chapters.

Another life also written from the human and personal point of view: *Alfred Adler*, by Phyllis Bottome (Faber, November 9th).

The Oxford University Press is to publish this month *Pages from the Past*, by H. A. L. Fisher, a volume of occasional pieces on subjects which include Nazi ideology, Virgil, the beauty of England and Lord Balfour. He opens with a fantasy based on the assumption that Napoleon went, after Waterloo, not to St. Helena but to America.

Britain's Economic Strategy, by E. V. Francis, to be published by Cape on November 10th, is an examination of Britain's economic policy since the last war and a survey of the measures now necessary to effective economic defence.

Rothay Reynolds, *Daily Mail* correspondent in Berlin from 1921 to 1939, is the author of *When Freedom Shrieked*, an eye-witness account of life inside the Third Reich which is coming from Gollancz on November 13th. On the same day Gollancz will publish Humbert Wolfe's new volume of poetry, *Out of Great Tribulation*, and a collection of detective stories by Dorothy Sayers, *In the Teeth of the Evidence*—featuring both Lord Peter Wimsey and Montague Egg.

The mystery of "Grey Owl's" identity and character will be resolved by Mr. Lovat Dickson, in his biography, *Half-Breed*, coming from Peter Davies in the second week of November.

The Bodley Head announce for November 14th *Refuge in the Andes*, by Rudolph Messel, an account of the author's experiences in a South American settlement for German refugees.

From Methuen on November 9th comes a new novel by Jack Lindsay: *Brief Light*. It is woven round the life of Catullus.

Hitler's Route to Bagdad, mentioned last week, was prepared by the International Section of the Fabian Society and is published for them by Allen and Unwin. The authors are Barbara Buckmaster, Clare Hollingworth, Vandeleur Robinson, Lilo Linke and Barbara Ward.

MARIE SCOTT-JAMES

Week-end Competitions

No. 508

Set by Sam Smiles

The usual prizes are offered for the best account of his wife by the obscure husband of a celebrated woman (e.g. Mr. Siddons or the Rev. A. B. Nicholls). Entries not to exceed 200 words.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, Nov. 10th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

GOLD HOARD IN COURT—JUDGE'S SECRET

There's FOOD in the gold of the tropic sunshine—that's what you get in every ¼ lb. block of Cadbury's Bournville Chocolate

IT'S proving a trying case. Plaintiff's K.C. is a pompous ass, and the jury looks half-witted. Ah well, things will be better after a quick bite into that carefully concealed block of Cadbury's Bournville Chocolate. This delicious sunshine chocolate is a secret vice with men. And a very good vice, too. Bournville Chocolate is rich in iron and other valuable minerals. It contains *extra* supplies of carbohydrates for quick energy, and the sunshine Vitamin 'D.' The sunshine in Bournville bucks you up—you can taste it at the very first bite. Get it at your nearest sweetshop. Look for the famous red packet.

HERE'S THE SECRET OF THAT FAMOUS PLAIN FLAVOUR

You can taste the real chocolate flavour in Bournville. That's because Cadbury's use only the finest beans, and blend them according to a secret recipe that gives the full flavour to the chocolate. Men particularly like this exclusive flavour. Ask for Bournville. If you prefer you can buy it blended with Fruit and Nut or with Whole Roasted Almonds. Luscious little nuggets of taste embedded in the rich chocolate—and extra nourishment too!

CADBURY'S

BOURNVILLE PLAIN FLAVOUR CHOCOLATE

It's chocolate—it's FOOD

MADE AT BOURNVILLE, THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 506

Set by V. S. Pritchett

Competitors are invited to send in their own obituary notice. Length not to exceed 250 words. The usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half-a-guinea are offered.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

There was a good entry for this competition and there was variety. Some competitors, I regret, thought it topical. Of these Redling was the wittiest and if the competition had been for epitaphs and not for obituaries, he would have had the prize :

Here lies Redling, killed by his own kindness in the Great Evacuation 1939. " He suffered little children."

The rest of the entries divided between the self-pitying, the self-adulatory and the satirical. Mr. J. C. B. Date headed the first group quite simply with " The death is also announced of Mr. J. C. B. Date " ; and Messrs. Smart and Vavasour were charmingly outspoken about their virtues. The former described himself as " not only a name that figures prominently in the National Register," but as " kindly, tolerant, cheerful, robust, gay and debonair and the best fellow I ever met." M. S. took her virtues less certainly : "And we can only deplore the loss of one whose talent for moderation and compromise in a sphere where moderation and compromise in a sphere where moderation and compromise, where moderation and comprom. . . . (I'm sorry, the record must be old)." Modest but firm nevertheless was C. F. Rathbone, a headmaster who " between 1933 and 1939 did excellent work with The Subjunctive." Then there was a column advancing under the veteran Allan M. Laing who associated their death, fame, misery, etc., with their success and failures in these competitions. Mr. Laing says it is falsely alleged that he has made a fortune out of them.

A bitter note came from Thomas Brownmaze with his 24 unfinished novels and two wives " one of whom has been drawing alimony since 1932." And the most poignant cry of all was Mr. H. Hemingway's whose life was ruined by having a famous name with the wrong initial. H. C. T. died of disgust at the increase in the price of whiskey, being (as he put it) " out of spirits." W. S. A. had a skit on Landor :

I strove with none save only with my wife
Munich she loved and after Munich, war.
I leave her as the last word in our strife
" Uncommon Sense about the War " by Shaw.

Finally there was G. P., who did one on himself and one on me, cutting himself off luxuriously in his prime at 33 while he left me to live to a dishonoured old age surrounded by Mayfair grandchildren, all at Roedean and Eton. People who *can* die this year should, I am sure, do so while the going's good. I believe the general level of the entries would have been relieved of the malaise of the first person singular if I had suggested that, like G. P.'s, they should be directed at other people. H. C. T., J. Wilson, Cassandra Rollin, M. C. L. (" a harmless, persistent and not unmeritorious adjunct of Scottish literature "), L. V. Upward and Alice Herbert were in the finals. I tossed up between the last two and Mrs. Herbert won. So first prize Mrs. Herbert and second L. V. Upward.

FIRST PRIZE

The death of Alice Herbert at the age of never-mind-what should have repercussions in West Kensington ; also north-west of Fleet Street, where her eighteenpenny hospitalities on the sharing system were well known, and the conversation, at all events, was well sustained by the hostess. Many a rising littérateur has returned to his desk braced by the wholesome exercise of reverent silence. Upon a simple tombstone, by common consent, is to be engraved

" HIC TACET."

Mrs. Herbert leaves behind her various works of fiction now pulped to meet our country's need ; a slender, indeed thin, volume of verse which enjoyed a circulation of at least twenty presentation copies ; and innumerable descendants who, with the optimism of our race, will surely murmur

" We shall not look upon her like again."

SECOND PRIZE

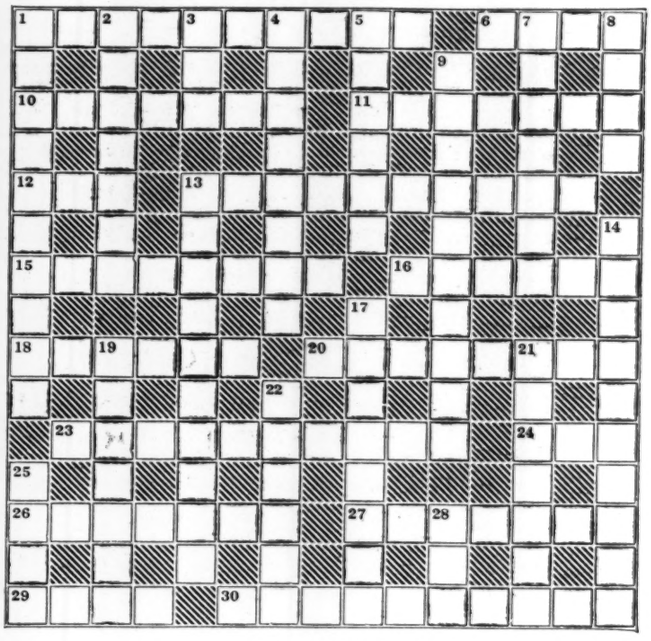
The passing of L. V. Upward, who died last Friday of heart failure after seeing his name in the honours list of a Week-end Competition, has left yet another gap in the ranks of a small but deserving class whose efforts are all too little appreciated by the general public.

A long-suffering, self-effacing man of middle-age, most of whose life was devoted to the instruction of the young, Mr. Upward put pen to paper, for other than epistolary or educational purposes, only upon rare occasions ; but when he did so it was in a spirit of unflagging optimism which, in spite of repeated failures, never deserted him. This may have been due, in part, to the fact that his ambitions were as modest as his mode of living ; for he was the least mercenary of men, and was well content to labour with little or no recompense in his narrow literary field. But it was more probably due, chiefly, to that inherent cheerfulness of disposition which earned him the sobriquet of " Sunshine " among his comrades (for whom he had a happy knack of composing epitaphs) during the Great War.

Good men never lack critics, and the paucity of his literary output will doubtless be ascribed to idleness by the thoughtless few. What an erroneous assumption ! It should be ascribed to a deep-seated affection for humanity.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 504

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to " CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

ACROSS

1. He supplies your burning needs. (10)
6. The solo has been 30. (4)
10. A bit of horse-flesh goes to the peer's head. (7)
11. And, so to bed, perhaps. (7)
12. Goes on foot over the snowfields. (3)
13. Exercised by those who are being fitted up as it were. (10)
15. Holes from which one careers off. (8)
16. The Southern Railway will go quite a long way round for a fellow who laughs a little. (6)
18. Farewell lulla-by ? (6)
20. They should of course find these implements useful at Lever House. (8)
23. The brigand will burn her with gas. (10)
24 (rev.). Beware lest it get a crush on you. (3)
26. The char gets back to me. (7)
27. Mike sat in the wrong order. (7)
29. Smoke from Irish mountains. (4)
30. Put into " homely " language no doubt. (10)

DOWN

1. Foolish accessories from the barnyard. (10)
2. A heavenly way no doubt. (7)
3. Turns quite pagan when she has to undergo heat. (3)
4. Fiddlesticks. Make them produce a note. (8)
5. My robe has not yet taken proper shape. (6)
7. Poet who would not stand over the source of a possible draught. (7)
8. Yet even they may be. (4)
9. Mechanically makes a good grass crop. (10)
13. Official wear for the Fairy Mayor. (10)
14. The sort of racial mixture that made Hitler angry. (10)
17. Guide to a pulling chanty ? (8)
19. It takes a cute little editor to do this. (7)
21. Inflexible as the original ant ? (7)
22. Vessel on a hill-top. (6)
25. Mark left by motors. (4)
28. Nothing less than 6 will make it. (3)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

C	■	O	■	H	■	S	T	A	N	D	B	A	C	K
E	N	V	I	E	S	■	A	■	O	■	U	■	A	■
D	■	E	■	A	■	A	B	O	U	T	T	U	R	N
A	R	R	I	V	E	■	L	■	G	■	T	■	E	■
R	■	S	■	E	L	S	E	■	A	P	E	P	S	Y
W	E	L	A	N	D	■	D	A	T	E	D	■	S	■
O	■	E	■	■	O	■	E	■	■	E	■	H	■	A
O	P	E	N	I	N	G	C	H	A	P	T	E	R	S
D	■	P	■	D	■	■	O	■	R	■	■	A	■	T
■	S	■	T	I	L	E	R	■	G	R	A	T	E	R
T	O	L	E	D	O	■	A	G	U	E	■	W	■	A
■	N	■	A	■	C	■	T	■	S	H	R	A	N	K
M	A	N	C	H	U	R	I	A	■	E	■	V	■	H
■	T	■	U	■	S	■	O	■	C	A	M	E	R	A
W	A	S	P	S	T	I	N	G	■	T	■	S	■	N

The last week's winner is

G. I. Friedman, 1 Church Crescent, Moortown, Leeds

CHURCH ARMY WAR WORK

Huts and Centres inside and outside a large number of Camps at Home.

* * *

Negotiations proceeding for earliest possible departure overseas of Men and Huts for service as near front as in last war.

* * *

Hostels for Servicemen already functioning and Canteens and Rest Rooms available in many parts for National Service workers.

* * *

Important work amongst Evacuees by Church Army Sisters.

* * *

Large or small donations most anxiously requested to help and encourage development in these critical hours.

Please send to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

WE DARE NOT LOSE

OUR GRIP ON THE WAR AGAINST CANCER

The Royal Cancer Hospital must be victorious in its fight against this dread disease. Although a number of organisations have decided to suspend activities, the work of treatment and Research at The Royal Cancer Hospital will continue unabated throughout the War.

During the difficult times ahead, please spare a thought and practical help for this great struggle. Last year alone there were 74,000 deaths from Cancer. Thousands of pounds have to be spent yearly to prevent this frightening number from increasing. Now—more than ever—we need money to carry on.

Please send a gift, however small, to keep the good work going.

The Royal Cancer Hospital
(FREE)
FULHAM ROAD - LONDON, S.W.3.

PURELY PERSONAL

OFFSET THE UPSETS of the day's doings with the soothing qualities of a King Six Cigar after dinner. King Six Cigars cost only 6½*d.* each.

Stop that COLD *with* VAPEX V193

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate, &c.
"Goddard's" Plate Powder 6d 1/- & 2/-
Liquid Polish 9d & 1/3

SOLD OUT!

If you order your copy of this paper to be delivered or reserved by your newsagent you will not have the disappointment of hearing these words—"Sold Out!" Also you will be helping to save paper—a national duty.

London Amusements

BALLET

MERCURY at Notting Hill Gate, W.11. (Park 5700). Nov. 6 & Nightly, 7.30. Th., S., 2.30.
BALLET RAMBERT
Shortly, MANDRAGOLA
A Gay Comedy by Machiavelli.

THEATRES

DUCHESS. Tem. Bar 8243 & 4.
Evenings 8.30. Matinees Wed., Th., Sat., 2.30.
SYNGE'S GREAT COMEDY.
PLAYBOY OF WESTERN WORLD
"Rich, lasting laughter of surprised delight."—Observer.

THEATRES—continued

UNITY. (Eus. 5391.) EVENINGS, ex. Mons., 7.30.
A Tonic for Democrats.
SANDBAG FOLLIES
Seats, 1/6, 2/6, 3/6. Members Only.
(Subscription 1/- a year, Share 1/-).

WESTMINSTER 7.30 (ex. Mon.). Wed., Th., S. 2.30
"PRIESTLEY'S BRILLIANT PLAY."—*News Chronicle.*
MUSIC AT NIGHT
"SUCH VENTURES AS THIS MUST BE CARRIED TO SUCCESS."
(8/6 to 2/6 bookable. Vic. 0283). —*Daily Telegraph.*

FILMS

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
BY SPECIAL LICENCE
the greatest film of our time
PROFESSOR MAMLOCK (A, London).
An unforgettable experience.

FILMS—continued

BERKELEY CINEMA, Berkeley St. May 8505
FERNANDEL
in the Gay Topical Military Farce
"IGNACE" (A).
The Rollicking Adventures of France's Conscript No. 1.

EXHIBITIONS

NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB
SUFFOLK STREET GALLERIES,
6½ Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, S.W.1.
(10–4 including Sats.) 1/-. Last week.

CONTEMPORARY ART SOCIETY
Exhibition of Works by
MODERN BRITISH ARTISTS.
LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Sq. 10–5.30. Sats. 10–1.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 663

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By CYNICUS

THE NEW DISTRESSED AREAS—THE NEW CONTROLS—TIN SHARES

THE City is just hating this war. It entered it as a distressed area: it has now become a controlled area as well. Ordinarily it would hate being controlled much more than it would hate being distressed, but to be subjected to both misfortunes simultaneously is making life almost impossible. The stranger must understand that City life is broadly divided into two parts—the financial side and the merchants' side—and that both have now been brought under Government control in great or small degree. Whether these activities are parasitic or a vital part of the body economic no authority has determined. On the financial side there are the banks, the discount market, the finance houses and the Stock Exchange. The joint stock banks and the discount houses have to do what the Bank of England, on Treasury advice, recommends, the finance houses are bound by the rules of the New Issue Committee, and over all is the Government control of the sterling exchange, of the rate of interest and the volume of credit. Only the Stock Exchange is superficially free but its members are hardly alive enough at the moment to constitute a danger to anyone. Of course, if speculation on the Stock Exchange were to break out and assume proportions large enough to disturb the direction of the money supply, the Treasury would wake up to the need of controlling the Stock Exchange, but for the present it is probably hoping to see a little speculation develop in the gilt-edged market to prepare the way for the issue of its new War Loan.

* * *

On the merchants' side there are the various exchanges—the Baltic (shipping), wheat, metals, wool, rubber, tea, coal, etc.—and over them Government control is more rigidly placed than over the financial markets. The unhappy Metal Exchange has had certain non-ferrous metals (copper, lead, zinc, wolfram) taken out of its hands entirely by the Ministry of Supply, while in the case of tin, which is already subject to Governmental control through the International Tin Committee, it has been rationed to 25 tons a day. (In passing, beware of press criticism of the tin restriction scheme which bears the stamp of disgruntled metal brokers.) The Wool Exchange has passed its trade over to a Wool Controller who resides in Bradford: the grain merchants have been reduced to idleness and the tea market handed over to muddle, if not control. Bury Street, Mark Lane, Mincing Lane, Coleman Street—these are the new distressed areas of the City. By comparison Throgmorton Street is at times almost animated. But is this only for the duration of the war? Will the City return, with peace, to its unrestricted warfare of the commercial jungle? Many City men are becoming increasingly afraid that control in the City has come to stay.

* * *

There are not many opportunities open to the investor to exploit these Government controls for private gain. I mentioned only two in my first article—namely the gilt-edged market and the tin share market. Control in the gilt-edged market is, and must be, hidden but I believe I saw evidence early this week of Treasury support when prices were reacting under the scarifying influence of Germany's, and Russia's, next move. Certainly, the market did not long remain depressed and as I write prices have almost returned to their recent high levels. Before any new issue is attempted I would expect to see the existing 3½ per cent. War Loan now 91¾ at 95 or 97. There is a growing scarcity of all gilt-edged stock on jobbers' books, so that a further rise seems inevitable if the political news remains not unfavourable. As regards tin shares—to descend from the gilt-edged to the speculative—the International Tin Committee announced on Wednesday that the quota of the restricting countries would be raised from 70 per cent. to 100 per cent. for the fourth quarter of this year, and that for the first quarter of 1940 it would not be less than 60 per cent. This implies that the mines have been asked to produce to the utmost of their capacity. Not only that, but the retrospective dating of the quotas for the last two quarters of this year imply that the mines have been able to release 120 per cent. of their allotments, that is, by releasing mine-head stocks. The big multiple dredge companies in Malaya should therefore make excellent profits and as they were producing on an average quota of 100 per cent. during 1936 and 1937, with tin at an average of £223 per ton, they will not have to pay very much in excess profits tax. These are the companies I would recommend:

	Highest Price 1936/37	Present Price	Dividends 1936	Potential Yield on 1936 Dividends
Southern Kinta 5/- ..	25/6	15/3	20%	£6 11 9%
Malayan Tin Dredging 5/-	50/6	32/9	80%	£12 4 3%
Southern Malayan 5/- ..	39/9	26/3	45%	£8 11 6%
Tronoh Mines 5/- ..	37/9	22/6	40%	£8 17 9%

On the 1936 showing these Malayan shares look cheap. In Nigeria, a Company which has spent a great deal on plant in recent years and has reduced its costs considerably is Amalgamated Tin Mines of Nigeria, an amalgamation of Associated Tin and London Tin of Nigeria. These 5s. shares are quoted at about 8s. and may be cheaper than the Malayan, but the market is narrower.

* * *

It is curious to find that while the German 7 per cent. (Dawes) Loan is quoted nominally at about 8, and the 5½ per cent. (Young) Loan at about 6, the German 7 per cent. Potash Bonds are 30 bid—having risen in the last few weeks from around 20. This is only partly explained by the fact that Schröder's Bank have just paid the November 1st coupon on these Potash Bonds out of their accumulated funds. It appears that Germany is still exporting potash and that the British Navy is not stopping it. Seeing that the bondholders have the legal power to seize the proceeds of exports—or the exports themselves—if these Potash Bonds are in default, I suggest that Mr. Winston Churchill should be immediately elected to the bondholders' committee and requested to take the proper action.

* * *

Some investors have been anxious to buy paint shares because of all those white lines. I cannot advise it, except possibly Goodlass Wall and Lead Industries, which is not exactly a paint company but a dealer in lead and zinc oxides. In 1936/37 its earnings were good (being over 10 per cent.) so that E.P.T. is not a menace. In 1938 it earned 9.6 per cent. and continued its 6 per cent. dividend and 1 per cent. bonus. At 9s. 6d. the 10s. shares yield £7 8s. per cent. They were as high as 15s. 3d. in 1937.

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